The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1923 NUMBER 471

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The Week

ON the one hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine Secretary Hughes delivered in Philadelphia a labored exposition of what the State Department now conceives the Doctrine to be. It was able and exhaustive but it was also unillumined and disappointing. He analyzed with all the skill of a highly trained lawyer what the Doctrine was in the beginning, how it came to be promulgated, the nature of its sanctions, the subsequent modifications in its meanings and what ground it occupies today. But his exposition was that of a lawyer who was also an administrator rather than that of a statesman who was also a popular political leader. Historians will find his brief most valuable. It contains an authoritative summary of what the Doctrine was in theory and what it has become in practice. The American people, on the other hand, will not read it. It will not stir up public opinion, and it will not exert a formative influence on the growth of the Doctrine. It merely delineates with conscientious accuracy an American foreign policy which in a period of irresistible world movement is pictured as essentially static.

SINCE 1823 when the Doctrine was originally promulgated, revolutionary changes have taken place in the relations among Europe, North America and South America and in the economic and political status of these continents. The European political and economic system is no longer a danger to the independence and security of the American states. It is passing through a period of regression rather than aggression. For the time being the aggressive nation is the one which is expanding most vigorously in economic resources and power, and that nation is unquestionably the United States. The other American nations are also growing. They no longer need protection against European aggression. If they feel any fear, it is of the United States rather than Europe.

THEY are not afraid, we imagine, that the United States will invade their territory, but they resent the increasing disposition of the American government to rule the American hemisphere. They feel themselves shoved into a position of political and perhaps ultimately of economic inferiority and dependence. They would like to see the Monroe Doctrine regularized by being transformed into the declared policy of a League of American nations. Instead of being maintained, as it was originally promulgated, on the exclusive authority of the United States, instead of being interpreted solely by the secretaries of state and presidents of this country, they would like to see it embodied in a preamble and bill of international rights which they have themselves accepted and helped to formulate. They would like to see it administered by the whole Pan-American Union instead of by the biggest member of it. If their susceptibilities in this and other respects are ignored, they will soon be looking to Europe for protection against the United States rather than to the United States for protection against Europe.

WHATEVER hopes they have nurtured of a mutual understanding must have been rudely cut off by Mr. Hughes's reiteration of a sordid and nationalistic version of the Doctrine—the version which caused so much hard feeling when enunciated

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by Mr. Fletcher at the Santiago conference last March. It is not, he pointed out, a Pan-American mutual policy at all. It is a domestic concern of the United States, and will be modified by us in any direction and to any degree we see fit. The Latin-American countries are somewhat peremptorily asked to give us "most favored nation" treatment in all cases. They must respect the rights of our citizens and not pass laws confiscatory of foreigners' property. In order to defend the Panama Canal, we intend to control the Caribbean. There are worse varieties of imperialism than this; but we need not blind ourselves to the fact that that is what it is.

SECRETARY HUGHES'S delineation of the existing relationship between the United States and Europe was exclusively retrospective. It was prudent and realistic but devoid of vision and prophecy. He was, to be sure, expressing the future interest and resolution of the American people as well as their past interest and resolution when he called attention to the "tenacity" with which they "hold to the principle of not meddling in the political strife of Europe." But he would have done well to recognize frankly that the United States did meddle in the political strife in Europe when it took part in the Great War, and that by entering the war it modified traditions and started consequences in motion which will render impossible the maintenance indefinitely of the isolation which the Monroe Doctrine and the Farewell Address proclaimed. He missed an opportunity of contributing to the appeasement of political strife in Europe by failing to declare that, insofar as Europe gives up the luxury of political quarrels which involve the welfare and security of whole nations, there was no reason why the United States for certain defined purposes should not enter a European concert.

THE advent of the British election has at least given unhappy Germany a breathing space of a few days. M. Poincaré, who wishes to have the Baldwin government remain in power on the theory that anything is preferable to a return of Lloyd George, has maintained the fiction of a restored Entente by a temporary moderation both of speech and action. We are to have two expert investigations of German conditions, one dealing with German finance and currency, the other with her wealth abroad and how the Allies can get their hands on it. "Capacity to pay," even for the next three years, will not be considered. Some incredibly optimistic individuals profess to believe the United States may even yet participate in these inquiries. Such hope is idle. Our government tested the sincerity of France when it recently reiterated the Hughes proposal. The answer proved, if any one in the world still needed the evidence, that France is not interested in having Germany put on her feet and enabled to pay a just reparation. France is interested only in destroying her beaten foe, and this she intends to do by her own acts, despite any effort by any other power to stop her.

AFTER a week of vain efforts to form a new government, Dr. William Marx, the Centrist leader, has succeeded in completing a Cabinet which virtually continues the Stresemann group in power. Eight of the eleven holders of portfolios are carried over, and Stresemann himself becomes foreign minister. The middle ground group, Clericals, members of the People's party and Democrats, are behind the Marx government, which is, however, without a majority in the Reichstag. As we go to press it is believed that unless the Chancellor is formally granted complete powers he will probably dissolve the Reichstag and give Germany in theory what it already has in fact, rule by an emergency dictatorship.

M. POINCARÉ now openly confesses what has been fairly clear from the first—that his solemn promise to make the Ruhr occupation "invisible" after the abandonment of passive resistance was just another of those scraps of paper with which Europe has been strewn in recent years. The troops will not be withdrawn, he now explains, because of the disorder which has lately appeared in the district. This disorder, he might have added, is the result of starvation for which the French are alone responsible. No doubt, if the population became as meek as lambs he would find another excuse. Meanwhile, the Berlin government last Sunday was forced to put an end to all assistance to the Ruhr and Rhineland. Their populations are at the mercy of the French, who have already indicated just what that mercy amounts to. The separatist republic has at last become too grotesque a farce even for the French, though M. Poincaré hopes, as he said the other day in the Chamber, that "the people of the Rhineland will voluntarily and spontaneously" break away from Prussia. At the same session the Communists in the Chamber directly accused the French government of subsidizing the Bavarian nationalists.

WHATEVER may be said in defence of Allied policy toward Germany, it cannot be relieved of the charge that it has worked directly against the interest of German democracy. Of the four principal social classes in Germany, the Junkers and captains of industry, the small investors and capitalists, the peasants, and the organized industrial laborers, the second has been absolutely ruined by the inflation made inevitable by excessive indemnity charges, and the fourth has had its position progressively weakened. The combined pressure of

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the French occupation and the big mine owners and industrialists has at last broken the resistance of the Ruhr workers and forced them back to the working day of the pre-war period. Similar pressure is gradually crushing the life out of the unions in unoccupied Germany. The result is that the great captains of industry and the peasants now constitute the only real power in the German state. They may govern it under the forms of democracy, but the reality behind the form will be a more or less disguised fascism.

FROM the almost universal chorus of approval with which the press greeted Secretary Mellon's plan of tax reduction, it might have been supposed that there would be little difficulty in translating the plan into actual legislation. But the opposition has been developing steadily ever since. The restless West is by no means convinced that the proposed reduction in the surtax is either justified by the reductions in the lower schedules or rendered necessary by the flight of capital into tax exempt securities. Cut the rates on the smaller incomes, say the agrarian spokesmen. Then we'll consider the surtaxes on their own merits. Of course the conservatives could not consent to such a method of dealing with the problem. They must insist on all—with trifling amendments, perhaps—or nothing. There are enough of them, counting both Republicans and Democrats, to put Mellon's plan through. But would it be politically safe for Democrats thus to enmesh themselves in a bipartisan conservative combination? They will think a great deal before they do it.

APPARENTLY there is considerable strength behind the movement in Congress for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the issue of further tax exempt securities. Such a reform appeals neither to radicalism nor to conservatism, but to universal common sense. There might be something to be said for exemption if the political authority issuing bonds exempted them only from taxes levied by itself. As matters stand today, tax exemption offers a means by which one political authority may secure cheap money at the expense of the revenues of other political authorities. North Dakota may issue bonds, to be held by citizens of New York, who need pay no taxes on the income derived from them either to New York or to the federal government. The tax exemption feature may give North Dakota a four percent interest rate instead of five percent, but somebody else has to pay for the one percent saved. In our hypothetical case, which is typical, it is the State of New York and the federal government that have to pay. It is a remarkable thing that we should have preserved a device which enables a state government to siphon money out of the treasuries of other states, and even out of the federal treasury.

IT will be said that even a constitutional amendment would leave the enormous mass of thirty billions of tax exempt securities just where they are. Not necessarily. The federal government will have a chance in 1929 to reduce the volume considerably in its tax refunding operations. Furthermore, it is entirely practicable for the federal government gradually to buy up, on account of the sinking fund, its own tax exempt securities and apply pressure to the states to compel them to do likewise. It could do this through manipulating the estate taxes in such a manner as to affect the state revenues materially. Suppose that it adopted the plan of increasing the estate taxes heavily and applying the proceeds strictly to debt retirement, transferring to the states, however, a fixed percentage of the taxes collected within their jurisdiction on condition that the sums thus transferred be applied, together with specified additional funds, to the purchase and retirement of tax exempt securities. We should gradually get rid of tax exemption, and arrive at a sounder fiscal position besides.

IT seems a pity that Secretary Mellon should have spoiled the effect of his tax reduction suggestion by proposing, a little later, a needless flat loss to the government of some $40,000,000. Mr. Mellon thinks he ought to have $28,500,000 for additional coast guard vessels and personnel for the purpose of fighting rum runners. Of this sum, it appears, $20,000,000 would be for new cutters. But the United States navy now has on hand any quantity of craft admirably suited to these purposes. It has, for example, 171 destroyers, of 1,200 tons and a speed of thirty-five knots, none more than five years old, costing $1,250,000 each. It has eight mine sweepers, of 1,192 tons and a speed of thirty-two knots. All these vessels are lying idle at the present time and there is no earthly reason why they should not be added to Secretary Mellon's equipment for hunting down the elusive whiskey cargo where it bobs among the waves. If the Secretary insists on his twenty million dollars' worth of new ships, the sum wasted, of course, is twice that, for it includes the $20,000,000 already expended on vessels which are lying idle. Such a policy may look like economy to a Pittsburgh man; but it seems far more like wild extravagance to other people.

THE migration northward of the Negro agricultural laborer is revising the attitude of some parts of the South toward European immigration. The old American stock, which has preserved its purity in the South as in no other section, shows no disposition to throw itself into manual labor in the fields left vacant by the Negroes. Northern farmers might eventually work their way farther

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South, but this will not be in our time, and the landholders of the Mississippi Valley are not content to wait upon posterity. Hence there has arisen a demand that the immigration laws should be amended to admit farm families outside of the quota limitations. Large landowners would pay the passage of such families and plant them on the land under arrangements promising ultimate independence. We may grant that some hundreds of thousands of European farmers could be distributed through the South to the benefit of the Southern communities and the country as a whole. Until, however, the South has conquered malaria, built up its schools and devised a less spectacular way of dealing with the Negro problem, there is little chance that European families would remain on the soil, even if imported especially for this purpose. And with those problems solved, perhaps the need for immigration would be less keenly felt.

IN days when intolerance rules in so many colleges throughout the country, it is a pleasure to record the existence of one institution where the students are not wrapped in cotton wool to stimulate their intellectual growth. Under the sane leadership of President Ernest Hopkins, Dartmouth pursues a policy of wholehearted devotion to the truth, which includes hearing both sides of controversial questions. President Hopkins evidently believes enough in the intelligence and character of American boys not to expect them to be led astray by "theorists"—especially if the latter's arguments are as fallacious as the advocates of suppression and censorship universally declare them to be. William Z. Foster, whose name is alone sufficient to throw the average college head into conniption fits, recently lectured at Dartmouth on The Left Wing of the American Labor Movement before what is described as "a sympathetic and enthusiastic audience which packed Dartmouth Hall." A subsequent issue of the college paper carried a column article giving a highly intelligent summary of Foster's address, which appears to have been a candid elementary explanation of industrial unionism. It would be too much to expect that such an instance of fair-mindedness should pass unrebuked by the hysterical little-Americans, and President Hopkins has already been the recipient of some protest. Naturally, people with a National Security League type of mind do not want even one institution left which preserves American principles of free speech and freedom of thought.

THE craze for meddling with the facts of history in the interests of "patriotism" has reached its high water mark in Arkansas. A law recently passed there, under the innocent title of "An act to require the display of the American flag by the public schools and the private schools" orders that American history shall be taught in the primary grades, and adds:

> The instilling into the hearts of the various pupils of an understanding of the United States and of a love of country and of a devotion to the principles of American government, shall be the primary object of such instruction, which shall avoid as far as possible being a mere recital of dates and events. . . . Any teacher . . . violating any of the provisions of this act shall be liable to a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a term of not less than 30 days and not more than six months, or both. A violation . . . shall be sufficient grounds for the discharge or removal of the teacher or official . . . and in the case of a corporation shall be sufficient ground for revoking its charter.

THERE is a whole-hearted devotion to hundred-per-centness which even the American Defense Society might envy. In most states the weak-spined reformers have demanded that propaganda be mixed with history. Only noble Arkansas has gloriously abandoned useless history altogether, with its folderol of names and dates, and gone in for propaganda alone. Here is a magnificent maintenance of the ideals of the founding fathers so splendidly expressed in the first amendment to the Constitution, where they wrote (as we recall it) that no laws shall be passed "abridging freedom of speech or of the press, as long as nothing is said or printed which shall seem unpatriotic to the sovereign state of Arkansas after there is one."

THE Craig contempt case, discussed at length elsewhere in this issue, has suddenly become doubly grave in character because of the action of Attorney General Daugherty and President Coolidge. The President has remitted the sixty-day jail sentence imposed on New York City's Comptroller, but wants it distinctly understood that he does not condone what the latter did. Mr. Daugherty's statement which recommended this action is an almost incredible performance, even from our illustrious Attorney General. He accuses Mr. Craig of having deliberately avoided a review of the case on its merits; insists that his original statement was a falsehood (waving aside the circumstance that only Judge Mayer himself has had an opportunity to pass upon the point); calls Mr. Craig "arrogant," and finally flatly advises the President to yield to a public opinion which he himself regards as wrong, and remit the jail sentence in order to quiet the clamor. With unbelievable naïveté, Mr. Daugherty explains that the only "proper criticism" of the action of a court is "truthful criticism"—which simplifies the matter beautifully, in view of the fact that ninety nine percent of all judges would of course take it for granted that any criticism of themselves was "untruthful." The Daugherty opinion is a far worse blow at liberty of speech

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than was the Mayer ruling. The Attorney General and the President have identified themselves with the ugliest forces of reaction. No true lover of liberty can tolerate their assumption that the acts of a judge are sacred, and that a citizen should be punished for daring to protest them.

PREMIER BALDWIN'S son is vigorously supporting labor candidates against his father's party in the English election. Politics is politics. Young Baldwin believes that the government has been twiddling its thumbs; the fact that his father is head of the government cannot stop him from saying so. Here is a form of free speech which America, the land of subservient young, has hardly a conception of. Our legal means for preventing frankness are stringent enough, but our social pressure is inexorable. The idea of tribe loyalty, of a sort of Kentucky mountain adherence to paternal opinion, we still keep so bound up with family affection that the love of father for son is almost conditioned by agreement or tacit disagreement on matters of opinion. This is particularly true of the sons of prominent fathers. The public would not trust a son who "betrayed" his father by publicly holding opposite opinions, even if it held those opinions itself.

The Realization of European Peace

MR. ARTHUR FISHER in an article published elsewhere in this issue challenges the American agitators for peace to justify their attitude of indifference to the policy which France is pursuing towards Germany. That policy, if it is successfully continued, will dismember the German nation, kill off eventually many millions of the German people, and nourish emotions of fear, hatred and insecurity in Europe which will later explode in another general war and vindicate the chief contention of the dogmatic militarist—that a nation disarmed is a nation damned. Yet, as the New Republic has frequently pointed out, the peace agitators have greeted this performance with a silence which in effect amounts to complicity. They declare with ever increasing emphasis that war is the deadly enemy of modern civilization which, if civilization is to survive, must be started on the road towards extinction. Yet they do nothing to warn their followers that one of the most maleficent wars of European history is now being waged under the forms of peace. They are not preparing peace-loving Americans to deal knowingly and in an ultimately healing manner with a bleeding wound in the moral and political body of Europe which, unless it is healed, will postpone indefinitely the appeasement of that continent and of the rest of the world.

American pacifists, although they are silent about the behavior of France to Germany, are of course far from indifferent to the disorder and distress of Europe and to the moral entanglement in that disorder of the United States. They affirm strenuously American responsibility for what is happening in Europe. They frequently talk as if Americans were more responsible for European errors and calamities than are the Europeans. Their general belief is that at the end of the war the United States deserted Europe in a "cowardly and ignoble" manner, and by this act deprived that helpless continent of "moral leadership." They attribute the subsequent calamities and disorders to American withdrawal. As the friends of peace they conceive themselves bound to persuade their fellow countrymen to revoke the withdrawal and to resume the political association which the Senate severed when it refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. They are working to give renewed vitality to American effort in Europe on behalf of peace by advocating the adhesion of the United States to the World Court and to the League of Nations and by clamoring for a new conference in which the United States would participate without reservations.

These pacifist activities provide in our opinion no sufficient excuse for their silence about the actual existence of war in Europe due to the deliberate attempt of one nation to subjugate another nation. Their neutrality with respect to the actual war sterilizes their in other respects admirable labors to promote peace. The negligence is particularly deplorable because it does much to disable the American nation from adopting the policy which without invoking a new war is most likely to discredit and ultimately defeat the objects which the French seek by the occupation of the Ruhr.

The peace program of the American pacifists is a less excusable repetition of the mistake which ex-President Wilson committed in formulating the diplomacy and propaganda of American intervention in the Great War and which resulted in the confusion and failure of Versailles. Mr. Wilson declared war without reaching any preliminary understanding with the European Allies about the objects for which they were thereafter to fight. He placed American resources at the disposal of the opponents of Germany for the fulfillment of objects over which he exercised no effective control. To be sure he eloquently and unflinchingly associated American intervention with a peace of reconciliation rather than of retaliation, but he acted as if his words were potent enough to create their own objects. He discouraged any discussion of his program by his fellow-countrymen which did not accept the infallibility of his own diplomacy. He ignored and wished the American people to ignore that their European associates had entered into political bargains which would frustrate a peace of reconciliation. The American public were never

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allowed to learn about and turn over in their minds the stubborn and disagreeable realities of European politics. There was, consequently, no public opinion formed in America during the war which knew as much as it needed to know in order to contribute effectively to the organization of European peace. When Mr. Wilson reached Paris he found himself deprived of support among his own people sufficiently loyal and intelligent to back him in carrying beyond a certain point the fight for a lasting peace. He had played a lone hand and in the end he did not dare to betray his weakness by exposing what his hand contained. He hesitated and threatened, but in the end he accepted a compromise settlement whose terms were determined more by the secret treaties among the Allies than by the Fourteen Points and which was certain to serve as an agency of retaliation rather than reconciliation.

American peace agitators are now repeating his mistake with far less excuse. The previous ignorance and indifference of American public opinion with respect to European political realities rendered it extraordinarily difficult for Mr. Wilson to negotiate early in 1917 a political understanding with the Allies as a condition of intervention. He had to act quickly and decisively, and under the circumstances there was something to be said in favor of acting first and trusting to the future for the education of public opinion. But the American pacifists who advocate unlimited intervention in Europe, but who ignore the meaning and effect of what France is doing in Germany are closing their eyes to the manifest lessons of Mr. Wilson's failure. If the American nation followed their advice, it would reënter the house of an irreconcilably divided Europe without having laid down in advance the conditions which might make for reconciliation; it would again become the victim, rather than the friend in need, of its deeply divided hosts. Such an unconditional intervention would not be supplying leadership to Europe. It would be accepting leadership from Europe. It would ultimately impose on the government the unpleasant choice between backing out again and trying to settle the quarrel by employing the policeman's club instead of the judge's scales.

There is one indispensable condition of the reintervention of the United States into European politics as the agent of a healing settlement. Before it can take place those European nations who possess the power to wage war successfully should show some disposition to abandon it as the means ultimately of settling their disputes with other nations. They must be willing, that is, to enter into a European security league and to guarantee one another against coercion by invasion. The formation of such a league would constitute the first step towards the pacification of Europe and would do away with the gravest existing objection to any further participation by the United States in European politics. The League of Nations itself under the leadership of Lord Robert Cecil is attempting to become an agency of general European security, and if by any chance it should succeed, it would really have begun the substitution of conference and law for war as the ultimate master of the political destinies of Europe. But it cannot succeed until France abandons her malign encroachment on the security and welfare of Germany. As long as this encroachment persists the foundations of international order and peace will continue to quiver, and American intervention in Europe would merely be an agreement to take part either in a war or in a prolonged public execution.

The American public is almost wholly ignorant of these complications and perplexities. Its chief factions are in favor either of unconditional going in or unconditionally staying out. Neither conceives of a third possibility. The Republican administration has purposely refused to guide public opinion in forming judgments about European political issues. The newspapers have used their influence on the whole to justify French policy and to exonerate France from the charge of being an enemy of European appeasement. These failures of the administration and the newspapers to bring out the fatal incompatibility between European appeasement and the French policy towards Germany rendered it all the more important for American pacifists to undertake the task. It was their particular business to educate their fellow countrymen not merely to go back into Europe but how to go back with better chance of success. The way to do this was not to ignore and underestimate the worst existing obstacle to European law and order but to expose its dangers and emphasize its importance as one necessary condition of qualifying their countrymen to deal with it realistically and successfully.

The ordinary American conceives the policy which France is pursuing towards Germany as at worst the collection of a debt by somewhat doubtful and ruthless means. In fact it is a policy of retaliation, prompted by the idea that the two nations are irreconcilable and inevitable enemies and informed by the intention of so depriving the German nation of spirit and power that it will hereafter be impotent to threaten the security of France. Insofar as American peace agitators do not themselves grasp the meaning of French policy, they will not get very far in their campaign against war. They do not recognize it when it stares them in the face. Insofar as they themselves understand what France is doing, but refrain from instructing the American people as to the meaning of the French policy, they are disqualifying and miseducating the American people for renewed intervention in Europe on behalf of peace. It is far better for the United States to remain out than to go back under the illusion that France is funda-

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mentally justified and that a new alliance can manufacture peace by putting American authority behind some slight amelioration of the grim destiny the French are imposing on Germany. Isolation may be ignoble but it is some protection against the consequences of illusion and misinformation. Co-operation with Europe may be admirable but, if it is accompanied by ignorance of the realities of European policies, it will be costly to this country and disastrous to Europe. The ability to place a true estimate upon the motives and the consequences of French policy towards Germany is the beginning of wisdom about contemporary politics in Europe and the sine qua non of any movement by Americans towards the realization of peace.

Lèse Majesté Mayer

THE history of the New York City traction companies is a long story of corruption, financial hugger-mugger and maladministration. In due course they found their way, one by one, into the Federal Court, and more particularly under the paternal care of United States Judge Julius M. Mayer. Receiverships were the method of control, and "friendly suits" were the devices by which the business of running the transit facilities of New York was assumed by the Federal Court. Now the City of New York had vast interests at stake. Millions of city money were invested in the properties, and it had heavy claims against the roads. Much more important than that, upon the honest and wise management and reorganization of its traction system largely depended the social health of the City's future. Properly to protect these paramount interests, the City sought from Judge Mayer the appointment of Comptroller Craig, the chief fiscal officer of the City, as co-receiver with the Court's own appointee, who was presumably agreeable to the interests behind the "friendly suit." Judge Mayer declined the City's petition, although the appointment of two receivers in important cases, even where only private interests are involved, is not a very unusual thing in the federal courts. Months afterwards, Comptroller Craig was invited to attend a conference "of all parties at interest in the transit situation." Mr. Craig refused to attend, in a letter in which he set forth at length the City's ground of opposition to Judge Mayer's denial to the City of "any representation in these receiverships." The letter contained the following paragraph which aroused Judge Mayer's ire, to soothe which he sentenced the Comptroller to sixty days in jail:

> Before any such conference can be seriously considered, and as an evidence of good faith on the part of those acting by and under the authority of United States District Judge Mayer, there must be a reversal of the policy for which Judge Mayer is responsible of denying to myself and other members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment any access to original services of information concerning the property and affairs of these various public utility corporations holding franchises to operate in the streets of New York.

This paragraph must be read in its setting. It plainly concerns itself with the denial of the application to appoint a co-receiver. If the Comptroller were appointed co-receiver, the City through him would have access to all the original documents as a matter of right. Judge Mayer read the paragraph as charging him with a denial of access as a matter of grace. On this argumentative false charge Judge Mayer based his jail sentence as a contempt of court. Judge Mayer could, of course, have tested his claim of false charges in a libel suit against the Comptroller. He preferred to be his own accuser, judge and jury.

In effect, the Supreme Court, with its familiar division, sustained Judge Mayer. To be sure, the matter is much befogged by pedantic discussions about the scope of the court's review on habeas corpus. But cutting through the maze of technicalities, the simple fact emerges that the majority of the Court, appropriately led by Mr. Justice McReynolds, decides that a federal judge has power to commit for contempt, on such facts as are presented by the Craig case, while Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis unqualifiedly deny this power. "Unless a judge, while sitting, can lay hold of any one who ventures to publish anything that tends to make him unpopular or to belittle him, I cannot see what power Judge Mayer had to touch Mr. Craig," is the downright conclusion of Mr. Justice Holmes. How then does the majority reach its opposite result? By doing violence to an Act of Congress and by disregarding cherished traditions of Anglo-American law.

Nearly a hundred years ago, as a result of its abusive exercise, Congress strictly defined the power of federal courts to punish for contempt. "The said courts," reads the Act of Congress, "shall have power . . . to punish . . . contempts of their authority: Provided, That such power to punish contempts shall not be construed to extend to any cases except the misbehavior of any person in their presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice." Surely the plain English of this restricts the exercise of a power that all judges agree to be peculiarly liable to abuse and wilful in its practical operations, to conduct that positively interferes with a court at work. A situation like the Craig case is wholly outside the conditions of the statute. Only legal legerdemain can bring it within them.

It took two steps to bring about this perversion of law and its consequent disregard of liberty. In June, 1918, at the height of the war, the Supreme Court, took the first disastrous step. Though it

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very vitally challenged the freedom of the press, it was unfortunately all too little noticed at the time. In a contempt proceeding against the Toledo News-Bee, the Supreme Court construed the authority of the Court to punish misbehavior "in their presence, *or so near thereto* as to obstruct the administration of justice," to mean anything uttered anywhere having a "tendency" to obstruct—a standard vague enough to terrorize the press, considering the summary power to apply the standard. Plainly the words refer to spatial proximity to the Court's work, and not to criticism argumentatively disturbing. This decision is intolerable, for reasons which Mr. Justice Holmes made abundantly clear in his dissent. "When it is considered how contrary it is to our practice and ways of thinking for the same person to be accuser and sole judge in a matter which, if he be sensitive, may involve strong personal feeling, I should expect the power to be limited by the necessities of the case, to 'insure order and decorum in their presence . . .' And when the words of the statute are read, it seems to me that the limit is too plain to be construed away. To my mind, they point and point only to the present protection of the Court from actual interference, and not to postponed retribution for lack of respect for its dignity—not to moving to vindicate its independence after enduring the newspaper's attacks for nearly six months as the Court did in this case."

The Supreme Court has now gone one step further by holding, in the Craig case, that there is power to commit for contempt although there is no matter immediately pending before the Court and the publication complained of at worst has merely a general tendency to belittle the Court. Again let Mr. Justice Holmes comment on his colleagues: "This . . . makes a man judge in matters in which he is likely to have keen personal interest and feeling, although neither self-protection nor the duty of going on with the work requires him to take such a part. It seems to me that the statute on its face plainly limits the jurisdiction of the judge in this class of cases to those where his personal action is necessary in a strict sense, in order to enable him to go on with his work . . . I think that the sentence from which the petitioner seeks relief was more than an abuse of power. I think it should be found wholly void. I think in the first place that there was no matter pending before the Court in the sense that it must be to make this kind of contempt possible. It is not enough that somebody may hereafter move to have something done. There was nothing then awaiting decision when the petitioner's letter was published. . . . But if there had been, and giving the most unfavorable interpretation to all that the letter says, I do not see how to misstate past matters of fact of the sort charged here could be said to obstruct the administration of justice."

But the Court's decision seriously obstructs the sense of freedom of expression without which actual freedom of speech and of the press are impossible. These basic considerations were admirably voiced by Judge Learned Hand in dissenting from the opinion in the Circuit Court of Appeals which the Supreme Court has now sustained. "It is in small encroachments upon the right of free criticism of all the acts of public officials that the real danger lies. If a judge may punish those who indirectly interfere with possible decisions, remote in time (when the force of the present obloquy has been spent), the line between that and punishment for unseemly or false comment upon past decisions becomes so shadowy as in application to disappear. It will in effect be practically impossible to show that the utterer did not have in mind the effect of his words upon similar cases in the future. Especially is this the case if there be added the doctrine that all men are charged with those results of their conduct which are to be reasonably apprehended."

The Toledo newspaper case gave ample warning of the tyrannous power which may be exercised by some one hundred and fifty federal judicial potentates. But the press and the Bar gave little heed. If now the Craig case does not rouse us to put an end to an intolerable tyranny cloaking itself behind a perverted application of the power to commit for contempt, the courts will be justified in manifesting their contempt for ancient liberties. The present protest against sending Mr. Craig to jail must not be allowed to spend itself in fulminations. Prompt and ample congressional relief should follow. A bill should at once be introduced and pressed to passage, intended to accomplish the following objects couched in language so unequivocal that not even the present majority of the Supreme Court can pervert it:

1. Power of a judge to punish for contempt should be limited exclusively to those cases where "his personal action is necessary in a strict sense in order to enable him to go on with his work."

2. Such a case of contempt should not be heard by the accusing judge but should automatically go before another judge.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
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Education for Grown-Ups

THE World Association for Adult Education, an English group with Mr. Albert Mansbridge at its head, has recently issued an interesting pamphlet on the Newer Adult Education in Germany. It contains a sympathetic and instructive account of the recent development in Germany of the so-called Volkshochschulen or People's Universities. These schools started up in different parts of the Republic after the war as the expression, not of a craving for useful knowledge or technical discipline, but of a spiritual hunger which turned to education rather than religion for its relief. The initiative came from people who asked for no encouragement from the state, but the movement soon attained such scope and momentum that the Prussian and other governments introduced into their ministries departments for adult education. The departments were not created for the purpose of subordinating the new schools to regulation. Although the state aided them by placing assembly rooms and expert advice at their service, they remained free experimental attempts by adult Germans to come together in small fraternities for joint educational enlightenment.

The membership of these groups was not limited to the wage-earners. It included large numbers of the lower middle class, who could no longer afford their former amusements and who took advantage of the loss to initiate a serious and in intention a lofty educational experiment. The defeat of their country in the war had disposed them to be more critical of themselves. They looked inside their minds and found the room empty and dreary or filled with rubbish. They did not wish to stock it with mere knowledge but with knowledge which would help them to more adequate living. "The Volkshochschule is not," said an official instruction on adult education, "a continuation or a vocational school. Neither does it serve the recreative or popular form of instruction. Its aim is not the dissemination of knowledge or undigested learning but the development of powers of thought and discernment so ordered and interpreted as to make acquired knowledge productive. This aim cannot be attained through lecturing alone. Each lecture should be followed by discussion of the theme on the part of the student. Wherever possible written work should be done. There are no examinations. These schools offer education for education's sake, not for the sake of degrees. They must not serve a party-political purpose nor the propagation of a creed. The enrollment of the groups should not exceed thirty."

The People's Universities are, consequently, the expression of a ferment working in the mind of the German nation. Their object is to provide a social medium which is favorable to the growth of the ferment in volume, in activity and in variety of expression. The Germans who seek this schooling realize that their practical occupations tend to stereotype their minds and dry up the sources of curiosity and personal adventure. Under the conditions of modern industrial work none but an unusual man or woman will survive spiritually the deadening routine of a wage-earning job. Wage-earners are for the most part only cogs in a wheel that is part of a machine for which they have no responsibility and about which they know next to nothing. If capable of spiritual growth they naturally express it by agitating against an organization of industry which is so indifferent to their welfare. But it also takes an unusual person to survive spiritually the routine of a business man's life. The management of a business may be, of course, absorbing and stimulating but in most instances only for a while and for a small part of a man. A business life tends to limit a man's experience and to place his imagination in bondage. His attention is occupied, his habits determined and his aspirations paralyzed by a petty routine of acquisition. If life is to recover its savor for these people, they must try, as they grow older, an experiment in learning which is also an experiment in living. A tug at their heart strings must open a window into and out of their minds.

It is an object of this kind which the Volkshochschulen are intended to accomplish. They are supposed to release the constructive and creative activities of human beings whom their ordinary occupation tends to harden, to specialize and to condemn to moral congestion. They begin, consequently, by taking account of the man as he is, what his interests are, what equipment he has and along what line he is movable. With these living motives as a point of departure "they deduce the means of attracting him towards education. They must start where the student is ready to start, no matter whether this be, as Mr. Mansbridge says, a cart horse or, as a Thuringian educator declares, a fruit-growing allotment. It makes little difference whether they treat of the material of a man's craft or its history so long as they do not forsake the road which leads towards the satisfaction of ultimate aspirations." This means in practice that the subjects which the groups study are infinitely various. Flexibility in this matter, carried to the extent of apparent chaos, is considered no less essential to the success of the experiment than the small size of the groups and the informality of the methods of instruction.

The form which this experiment has assumed deserves the attentive scrutiny of those who are

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interested in the education of American adults. Although our grown-up fellow citizens, particularly women, in many instances look upon themselves as people who still need to be educated, the education which they seek is different in method and aim from that of the People's Universities. The latter propose to disseminate through education an emotional and moral stimulus which will counteract the tendency of their practical occupations to obscure their outlook, impoverish their sympathies and restrict their power of growth. American adults, on the other hand, seek an education which presupposes complete satisfaction with the quality and momentum of their present lives—an education which will help them to perform their jobs more competently or which will add a decoration to an achieved social success. Instead of starting fraternal groups the members of which will help one another to live better by learning more, they buy tickets for lectures, subscribe to correspondence and Chautauqua courses or attend continuation schools. When they form groups for educational or semi-educational purposes, as is so frequently the case with the literary and business men's clubs in the smaller cities, these groups usually confuse education with advertising. They think of it as a way of "selling" useful information or undisputed patriotic principles to a reluctant customer.

The merit of the German experiment is that it conceives adult education as nothing if not moral and social. The young have a blithe morality in their blood which, as long as it lasts, protects them from confusing a mere hardening of intellectual and volitional arteries with wisdom, experience, authority and success. Their road to moral education is paved largely with special disciplines. They need to be grooved. But unfortunately by the time they are grown up, they need even more to recover some of the indeterminateness of youth. They quickly harden down under the exigencies of an unleavened occupation, a narrow training, and a lack of emotional adventurousness, and thereafter as a matter of self-esteem they become complacent about the particular grooves into which they are congealed. If continued education does not arouse in them discontent, a more experimental disposition, scepticism and curiosity, it is incapable of adding a cubit to their intellectual and moral stature. It must start something moving inside their souls which has momentum enough to dislocate their habits, unsettle their ideas, enlarge their sympathies and renew both their craving for experience and their ability to attach meanings to it.

There may seem to be a grave discrepancy between the far-reaching aim of adult education, as I have indicated it, and the haphazard and almost trivial machinery through which the People's University is supposed to make it good. Is it possible to introduce a moral reformation into the lives of a group of twenty tired wage-earners or tradesmen on the strength of assembling fraternally to learn something about a cart-horse or a fruit-growing allotment? It may be true, as the pamphlet declares that "it makes little difference whether they treat of the material of a man's craft or its history so long as they do not forsake the road which leads towards the satisfaction of ultimate aspirations," but what assurance is there that these groups, by hypothesis composed of people who have lost their way, will know enough to keep bravely climbing an arduous and discouraging road?

There is no way of obtaining such an assurance in advance. The very attempt to safeguard these fraternities from losing the road, if it should result in providing them with too many guides and guide books, would tend to take away the self-direction which they most need. Just because adult education is essentially moral, it cannot afford to be paternal. So long as the groups are not too big, so long as they contain men and women drawn from different occupations, so long as they study subjects which their members wish to study and so long as any instruction which they receive from above is subordinated to the understanding which they impart to one another and which they obtain by asking one another questions and struggling for answers, then they cannot forsake the road even though they do not travel very far along it. For an educational experiment of this kind—free, disinterested, coöperative, democratic and self-determined—would introduce a revolutionary bomb into many of their lives. A majority would doubtless be incapable of deriving much advantage from it, but though the percentage of pupils whom the experience might regenerate would be small compared to their total number, their effect on their communities and upon their business associates would be disproportionately great. In so far as their own lives began to ferment, they could not refrain from communicating the infection to their neighbors and colleagues.

Let us hope, consequently, that during the next five years, people's universities, similar to those which sprang up spontaneously in Germany, will break through the soil of American society. The conditions are, it is true, less favorable in this country. The American people are still on the whole too successful to feel the kind of discontent which will start a revolutionary activity in their minds. Even when they seek adult education, they will for a long time still obtain it chiefly from continuation schools, lectures, correspondence courses and the like. Yet this is not the whole story. There is gathering, among the class of Americans who in the past have considered themselves individually and collectively ordained by Providence to be prosperous and complacent, an increasing amount of uneasiness, dissatisfaction, scepticism and desire for mental adventure. The discontent still tends

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chiefly to concentrate on political and economic remedies, but it will not permanently stay there. Many grown-up Americans will soon feel an imperative discontent with themselves which their pastor's sermons will not help them to assuage. They are likely in that event to appease it by an educational experiment which will seek self-regeneration by a better synthesis of knowledge and life. This experiment when it comes will in the beginning assume a form analogous to that which it has assumed in Germany and Great Britain.

But, of course, this form is far from being final or adequate. As the people's schools have started they are only spiritual kindergartens for grown-ups. It is ominous that after so many centuries of secular and religious education there seems to be no better way of preventing the mass of people from being sterilized by maturity than the establishment of spiritual kindergartens, but so it seems to be. The ordinary adult is adolescent until some period in early middle life when he is suddenly stricken with old age. He needs a schooling which will treat him as if he were capable of fertilizing a germ of the flexibility of youth. Doubtless he would not need it, if his early education and experience of life had made for continuity of moral growth, but the great difficulty is that such continuity rarely exists. If the ordinary adult is to save himself, he must in association with a group of his fellows start gardens in which he can cultivate the vine and fig trees of a revived spiritual life. These gardens, should they serve their purpose, will not merely multiply rapidly in number but they will become infinitely various in the quality of their product. The most fertile of them will vindicate the enterprise by demanding more and ever more of the time and devotion of their farmers. They may become universities in the deepest meaning of that word. They may for their own fellows repair the most dangerous lesion in the body of modern civilization and reunite secular with religious education. But whether they do or do not concentrate a universe of discourse and life within the modest dimensions of a fellowship, they will at least rescue many admirable people from premature moral senility by creating in them the practice of free, experimental and disinterested activity carried on in intimate association with like-minded friends. Political and social democracy cannot be expected to work much better than it is now working until such a revival occurs.

HERBERT CROLY.

Stop the Next War!

ONCE a nation declares war the position of its pacifist citizens becomes one of exceeding difficulty. Many normally peace-desiring persons believe pacifism in war-time to be the equivalent of disloyalty to country and kind. Whether or not such a form of oft-proclaimed "pacifism" as admits an exception to its doctrine in time of war is really deserving of the name, few more thoroughgoing and consistent opponents of war will deny that once the nation has embarked on war the pacifist's sphere of action is seriously restricted. He is put on the defensive and most of his energies are absorbed in maintaining his personal position. Affirmative action must be limited largely to work of charity and relief. Any other course will be but to court martyrdom.

Despite the difficulty of the pacifist's position once the passions of war have been loosed, pacifism is not a doctrine of quietism and inaction. On the contrary, in times of peace a large portion of America's most active and influential leaders proclaim that they are at heart pacifists. The test of the sincerity of such utterances is to be found less in apparently inconsistent deeds during abnormal periods of war than it is in the actual accomplishments, efforts and desires of such individuals during time of peace. For the pacifist it is only in time of peace that his work can be in any substantial degree effective.

Western Europe is now passing through a period which makes these tests apply with peculiar force. Governments, ruled by the forms of democracy but in the grip of military men, are pursuing policies which unless changed must eventually lead to open warfare. These policies of armed force will only be abandoned if the pacifists of Europe and America organize the machinery of peace with greater skill and support it with greater vigor, determination, and an overwhelmingly larger body of public opinion than that which supports the mechanism of war. This is not a small task, but its accomplishment so as to replace the ways of violence and killing is the very foundation and soul of the pacifist faith.

In the present condition of Europe, time is of the essence. There is a point beyond which ordinary men and women, even of pacific inclinations and desires but falling short of religious faith in the effectiveness of non-resistance, will not suffer without fighting. Millions of pacifically inclined German working people have already passed beyond that point in their misery and suffering. They are restrained by lack of arms and in some measure by memories of the futile suffering of the World War and also by some lingering hope of a peaceful solution through the help of England and America. The lack of arms can be remedied all too quickly, especially if fighting must in any case be chiefly of

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the guerrilla type carried on for years in Ireland. Memories of the sufferings of the war five years ago are buried beneath the even greater misery, hunger, cold, hopelessness, degradation, and shame of the present. Faith in England and America, disappointed again and again in all but words, will soon be wholly gone as a real and restraining influence. France pushes the bayonet ever further into the heart of the German Republic.

The time for concealments and pretense is past. Pacifism must now accept the reality of French militarism as it should have faced and grappled with the reality of Prussian militarism before 1914. France today, her government and foreign policy controlled by the soldiers and extreme nationalists, supported by the large industrialists, and consistently misleading the mass of the people through a subsidized press, pursues a clearcut military policy aiming at the break-up of the German Republic and the permanent subjugation of its richest and most densely peopled sections. For four years thousands of French troops have occupied and harassed the cities and villages of the German Rhineland with its 7,000,000 people. The French government has used the army as an instrument to break down the spirit of these people and to detach their territory from the Republic; today the army is supporting and French money is subsidizing a series of "separatist republics" in the hands of social riff-raff and armed thugs.

The Ruhr, with its five or more million inhabitants, the French now proclaim they shall hold and permanently organize by military force because of the failure of the German Republic to carry out the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The official French press has for some time ceased even to pretend that any German government can carry out the terms of the Treaty; but it insists that the reparations and other clauses must be kept intact for "moral reasons;" in short, to justify the military oppression and subjection of an ancient enemy.

Before the war Germany, exclusive of her colonies, was a nation of 66,000,000 people. The Peace Treaty, besides taking away from Germany all her colonies, reduced her to approximately 60,000,000 persons. Of this number 35,000,000 are today living in cities or industrial areas dependent upon complicated commercial relationships and international trade for their existence. Half of these industrialized people are unemployed and all are in misery and ever increasing despair. Their children are starving by slow degrees; their homes are cold; their hearts grow ever more bitter. To these working people the German Republic of the Weimar Constitution expressed a faith in the sincerity of the proclaimed war aims of the Allies, particularly of President Wilson, and of the armistice terms of all the Allied nations; it also voiced a hope that a new era free from war and from human killing had finally dawned. For many years before the war the trade union, coöperative, and working class organizations which form the real base of the German Republic had preached faith in the ideals of international pacifism and justice. But the first opportunity to practise these ideals has brought greater misery to the German people than they ever before experienced. Both the rank and file and the leadership grow daily more doubtful of their faith; they fear that they have followed false prophets leading towards an idealistic futility, that the Republic is a source of weakness and softness of which other nations will take advantage; even those who still cling to the faith are driven by the sheer massed weight of misery ever closer to the precipice of war.

Today in the Ruhr, and in most of the cities of the Rhineland, hundreds of thousands of children are hungry, hundreds of thousands of women wander through the streets looking in at store windows in which only French officers and their wives can afford to purchase; thousands of drab men, women, and children with small wagons or packsacks wait in the cold for hours, frequently gathering in the streets before daylight, for the chance to buy a few potatoes sold slightly below market prices by semi-charitable organizations. Hospitals are without medical supplies. In the richest coal region of Europe homes and buildings are unheated, schools are closed or occupied as barracks by invading troops.

Whether the storm will burst suddenly in a gust of sniping and hand-to-hand slaughter—a Bartholomew's Eve of sheer desperation; or whether the people, provided by foreign charity with enough food to sustain life, will eventually resume work under foreign control and, submerged and smouldering with resentment, prepare for the day of the revanche, is perhaps not yet entirely clear.

This much is clear: either policy will lead to war. The elements of the situation are today still in a state of flux. They must not be permitted to crystallize in a form which can be altered only by violence and killing. The time to prevent that is now. And the people alone who should labor to prevent it are those pacifists who are ready to act on their faith in the possibility of a solution through other means than force.

In England, driven also by the force of economic necessity, these elements are gaining, if they have not already gained, the guiding hand in national policy. But England alone is incapable of handling the forces of French militarism by the ways of peace. With America's vigorous moral and economic support it might be accomplished. It is to America's interest and obligation to accomplish this solution, because the misery of millions of plain people in Central Europe is a challenge to Christian charity and human kindness; because those who suffer most in Europe today are not those responsible for the World War but those

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weak and poor, aged, sick, and the children; because with these plain working people America proclaimed she had no quarrel; because the task of feeding 35,000,000 people is beyond the power of charity even on a national scale, and successfully to feed and care for these people is to assume the burdens produced by French militarism and to smooth the path towards the permanent subjection and industrial serfdom of the people; because it is to America's economic self-interest as an exporter of food-stuffs and manufactured goods to restore her markets in Germany, in all Europe and in England which is in turn dependent for its trade and prosperity on the prosperity and trade of Germany; because a permanent running sore in the Ruhr and Rhineland must ultimately infect America also, if not by early participation in war at least by the immediate spread of the disease of armament races in the air and under the sea; because America's participation in the war and her war propaganda places her under direct moral obligation to the German people—as well as to those American boys and young men who died in the World War in the faith that their sacrifice was in the cause of the last great war, the war which would end war.

Whether the means they chose was right or wrong the path which those in America who actively desire peace must follow is clear-cut and definite. An overwhelming preponderance of informed and insistent public sentiment must be organized to protest against the French military policy. Without such mobilized and alert opinion no American government is likely to act and any action which might be taken without the support of such opinion is likely to be of little effect. With such backing American and British action together may be able to check the French government and demand the following of those policies in regard to reparations and otherwise which will reëstablish order and permit the rebuilding of a spirit and of policies under which the nations of Europe may come to live in mutually respectful harmony and friendship. But even though the French military have already gone so far that they will no longer listen to the peaceful protests of governments who oppose their will, even then the deluded French working people and peasants may be awakened against a French governmental policy which has ranged the most powerful of France's former allies in opposition and incurred the just, but still peaceful, resentment and condemnation of the principal peoples of the world. To accomplish this result is the practical task facing pacifists in America today. How they fulfill that task will demonstrate their ability to replace by sheer excess of energy, organizing skill, intelligence, unyielding faith and determination, the system of militarism, violence and war which they abhor.

ARTHUR FISHER.

A Stroll on Main Street

YOU may smile as much as you please, I shall still go on doggedly saying it: Robertsville is distinctly worth knowing.

You sophisticated travelers do not seem to think so, as you look out scornfully from the car window upon us and our town for a moment while you journey (some of you) all the way from Chicago to Sioux Falls. Yet after all, Robertsville is America. It was from our W. C. T. U. meetings, Tuesday nights for decades through icebound winter and stifled summer heat, that prohibition came at last. It is with us that Fundamentalism lingers, and lingering, turns to strike a rear guard blow in that anti-Darwin legislation which you find so absurd. Here is where the farm bloc is produced and the third party movement—when there is one—and the circulation for Gene Stratton Porter, and the nation's food.

You complain that we "spring things" on you?—that we are never vocal except with the sudden roar of the avalanche? Well, whose fault is that? We are keeping no secrets, if you care to come within earshot. On the whole, I strongly suggest that you suspend judgment for a little; that you descend from your impressive train (three day coaches and a Pullman); that you stay over at least from the 9:12 until the 4:33; and that you come for a little stroll on Main Street.

We shall begin, naturally, at Court House Square, where once the farmers' horses gnawed at wooden railings through the long Saturday afternoons. Today, a phalanx of parked cars stands on the clean cement in the shadow of the big elms; farmers' cars, ranging upward from a Ford. Next, we go along the three blocks of the business district, where the low wooden stores with false fronts are beginning to be replaced by two-story brick edifices with cunningly arranged showcase space on the street level. Later, we shall see the residential section where the big wooden houses stand in wide lawns among the maples and the spruce, and the jigsaw fretwork of the eighties is just as respectable as the occasional imitation stucco bungalow of the bride and groom, a bungalow out of Ladies' Home Journal by Montgomery Ward, 1922.

Robertsville, you do not need to be told, is a prairie town in fruitful Iowa. Let me murmur confidentially at once that her population, now 2,358, was somewhat larger than that ten years ago. This fact is a terrible humiliation to us good

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Americans whose first faith is in growth, growth for its own sake, growth of any kind. We don't mention the tragedy, of course, at our monthly Chamber of Commerce meetings; but our silence is eloquent.

Where we are, is the true heart of the prairie. It is not flat; over and over we are obliged to say this to fatuous Eastern friends who mutter about an inland, grassy sea. It rolls in long, slow hills, some of which, I assure you, are nearly fifty feet high; and along the banks of our placid muddy streams are little cliffs clustered over with low willows. Those pioneers who came overland in covered wagons from Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, and produced Robertsville upon the virgin sod at the northern edge of Muddy Lake, laid out the town in the simplest fashion. Main Street runs north and south and ends among the cat-tails and rushes of the lake shore. First Street runs east and west. There are a dozen other streets; no doubt they have names, on the yellowing map in the courthouse, but no one knows them. A stranger asking directions is told "two blocks beyond the Wilfrid Place, turn to the left, and it's the second house past the vacant lot with the cottonwoods."

But as a matter of fact, strangers rarely do ask. Robertsville's visitors are almost exclusively traveling men in automobiles. They drive into town in the evening, stay over night at the Astoria House and call on the merchants next morning. In the late afternoon they leave for Woolett, thirty-two miles away over the beautiful new concrete road, which runs so straight across this vast expanse of placid earth that a visitor has been known to exclaim "thank God!" when his car reached the little hitch in the boulevard three miles south of Redwing. (This remark fell rather flat when quoted at a meeting of the Robertsville Tuesday Club, where it somehow got into the general discussion following Mrs. Barton's paper on Resources of Porto Rico. The ladies felt that to invoke the name of the Deity just to make a mild joke was an unnecessary and undesirable performance.)

From time to time we read in one of the Eastern magazines (of which the public library takes several) how our life has been changed by the coming of the automobile, the phonograph, the radio and the movie. We are no longer isolated, it appears. We have been brought into tune with world affairs. These statements tell the physical truth; but spiritually . . . one wonders. There are several radios in town, I admit. There is a movie theatre which does a fairly good business on Saturday nights, though a great many of us have got tired and stopped going. Every home has a phonograph, and most of them have not been played for more than a year now, not since Cousin Mamie came over from Hagar on Thanksgiving and brought those two young ones of hers. Somehow, we remain extremely calm about these marvelous inventions. If they leave any imprint on our minds, it is one so shallow that the casual observer would be hard pressed to point out just how it had changed us.

Certainly, the automobile has made a difference. It has produced this wonderful new system of good roads laced across the state. Every family in town owns a car; and all the prosperous members of our middle-class aristocracy, the families of doctors, lawyers, retail merchants, have two. One of these is a coupé (pronounced, quite soberly, coop) and this one "the madam" drives, whether her age be twenty or thrice that. She drives, it must be recorded, like an incarnate fiend intent on murder and suicide. But then, so do the men; so do the children, down to the very smallest sizes.

Our cars have lengthened our radius of activity from a township to a cluster of counties. The business man thinks nothing of going to Hagar in the morning, to Woolett in the afternoon and perhaps returning by way of Milbank, thirty miles further west. This is broadening, without doubt; though Hagar and Woolett and even Milbank are not notably dissimilar from Robertsville. . . .

The automobile has also aggravated for us the problem of the younger generation which gives us some concern though not so much, apparently, as it does dwellers in the big cities along the Atlantic Seaboard. A few of our boys are wild, and use their fathers' cars at night to drive over to Hagar or some other distant town, where they are not known and are, of course, beyond parental control. They go to dances and movies (which are always doubly fascinating in foreign places); they buy bootleg whiskey, of which they are afraid to drink very much; and sometimes they pick up prostitutes (known in our vernacular as "the bad women").

Prohibition, however, is not a very serious question to us. The town, as a whole, is so overwhelmingly dry that it is impossible to get up a discussion as to whether the national law should be repealed or modified. There are not three homes where liquor (wine, spirits and beer are all "liquor" to us) is served habitually, or was before prohibition.

Our politics is mostly conservative Republican; the "radicalism" of the Middle West, of which so much is heard, is a farm product, only faintly reflected among the townsmen. Even on the farm it is not so much the result of deep-rooted conviction as it is the harassed desperation of good American citizens caught in a trap and trying, unhappily and uncertainly, to find a way out—a way which will enable them by their honest hard labor to keep a roof over their heads. The rest of us are mostly of the type which accepts proudly the characterization "safe and sane." We voted for Mr. Harding in 1920; we are inclined to like Mr. Coolidge ("he's not stuck up—imagine, he's never even yet

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owned a car"). We were not especially opposed to the League of Nations in 1920; but are much more so now. Europe is far away, big and terrible: we feel her diplomats are sure to be too clever for any American product we can send against them. We (the women in particular) abominate war; we should be glad to have "the government" able to do something to stop it: but we do not believe this is possible. We go to church, every last one of us, and we mean it, after our quiet fashion which holds it as indecent for a man to talk about religion as it would be for him publicly to confess his affection for his wife. If there is a "new freedom" abroad in the land—in sexual matters, for instance—we don't know it. The slightest step aside from rigid lifelong monogamy is a sin never to be condoned or forgotten. A definite stigma clings about a divorced person, and this is doubly the case for a woman. The theory of evolution hardly exists for us at all, though we accept Mr. Bryan's assurances that it is atheistic and therefore ought to be prevented by law. We have also heard vaguely that the scientists no longer believe in it.

For the children of the town, our new public library means much. In it, they devour those volumes produced for their especial benefit—narratives of radio, aeroplane and Boy Scout. The women, too, come to its shelves for the popular novels of the day; but the general feeling is that there is something improper in a man's reading a book after attaining his majority—unless, of course, he is a lawyer.

Perhaps because reading is so largely a feminine and juvenile occupation, we maintain a rigid censorship over the contents of the library's shelves. We have a committee of five—Reverend Gibbs, the Methodist minister, Miss Wilkins, who sells stationery and notions and has always been literary, Mrs. Fremke, president of the Tuesday Club, Mr. Ottison, principal of the high school, and Miss Enghardt, the English teacher. One adverse vote excludes any book from the shelves; and as the whole committee passes on each doubtful volume, the rejections are numerous. Mrs. Fremke barred Black Oxen, because it made light of age (she is getting on, herself); Mr. Ottison turned down Frederick O'Brien's South Sea books; having always intended to go there some day, he is an authority on those regions, and found O'Brien most inaccurate; The Glimpses of the Moon went by the boards because Reverend Gibbs felt it was unwholesome. As for D. H. Lawrence, or the later manner of May Sinclair, or Schnitzler, no one dreams of even attempting to get them in. But we are entirely sure of Harold Bell Wright. We bought four copies of The Mine With the Iron Door.

Our social life has in it four high spots: bridge, lodge meetings, golf and automobile riding. The addiction of Robertsville to bridge is something beyond description. There are clubs without number, they meet incessantly, they play until one o'clock in the morning, and every one who is any one belongs to at least two. You might marvel at the robustness of a population which can do this and yet be out and about at eight the next morning, until you perceive that the funeral pace of the day's activities is itself a restorative.

Lodge membership is another unanimous occupation. Any unlucky stranger who wanders our way and must blushingly confess that he is not a Mason, an Oddfellow, a Knight of Pythias or an Elk, is looked upon with horrid suspicion. Evidently, there must be some secret thing terribly the matter with him. If we found any one who not only wasn't a member of anything but didn't play bridge or golf or drive a car, he would run some risk of being locked in jail in the Court House basement on suspicion as an escaped lunatic.

We are not so self-centred that we do not recognize and admire the country's greatest metropolis: Chicago. We have heard, to be sure, of such a place as New York. We have also heard of Paris and London, and any one of these three places seems about as near as the others. There are reports that Manhattan supposes itself hated by Main Street. On the contrary, it is ignored. Chicago is where our wealthiest people go for their annual holiday. From Chicago we buy our furniture; Chicago department stores dress our flappers. The Chicago Tribune is our Bible, giving us all we know of what is going on in the world in general. We supplement it, of course, once a week, with the Robertsville Courier, four pages local, four pages patent insides, edited by Harry Hughes who was born here, inherited the paper from his father, never saw the inside of any other office and doesn't want to.

Golf has come to Robertsville rather late—our course is only two years old—but the visitation is a serious one. Every male above the age of fourteen goes twice around the nine holes at least four times a week. We have no clubhouse yet, and the way our course is laid out would cause any professional to commit suicide on the fourth green, but we adore the game. We bought for it the old Edwards forty, a mile east of town. If you want to be romantic, you might sentimentalize over the fact that the ruins of Grandpa Edwards's sod house, built the first winter he was on the prairie, now form part of a bunker on the approach to the eighth hole.

Perhaps by this time you are smiling the quiet smile of pity at pathetic Robertsville, stuck down here in the midst of the prairie, out of touch with the great world, turning its back on the beauty and wonder of nature's fruitfulness, scorning her servants even though every soul of us lives off their toil, one way or another. If so, we refuse your

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pity. We are conscious of no deficiencies in our intellectual existence. If other parts of the country choose to discuss other subjects, amuse themselves with other recreations, that is their right, which is no less and no more clear than is ours to do and think as we please. Mr. Sinclair Lewis wrote a book about us once. We wore out seven copies of it in the public library and our general verdict was that he may have tried to be fair, but he wasn't, at least to the Robertsville of today. We don't feel that we need reforming; but any of our girls coming home from college with Mrs. Carol Kennicott's ideas for improving things, wouldn't need to be lonely. After all, most of the young married women in town have also been to college and would agree with her—that is, within reason.

It is worth remembering, we think, that never in the history of the world did small towns exist in any large numbers with such a high general level of education and behavior as in the Robertsvilles of the Middle West today. If our material progress has somewhat outrun our development in artistic and "cultural" lines, after all we feel it is better that way than with the reverse condition. Also, every one of the traits Mr. Sinclair Lewis pokes fun at exists just as much among ninety-five percent of the inhabitants of every big city as it does out here among the cattle, corn and wheat. The New Yorkers go to the same bad movies, read the same trashy books, play the same bridge as ourselves. We can't see that they have any right to laugh at Robertsville; nor has anybody else. We are honest, hard-working, sober: if these are qualities which are to be despised then the world, we think, must certainly be coming to an end. We say grace at our tables three times a day without shame; we pay our debts when the government follows a policy which permits us to do so; and we give our children the best education our prairie colleges know anything about. It's pleasant, I agree, for you to hop on the 4:33 train and slide away from the little town, with its jealousies (certainly we have some), its gossip (which is terrific, I admit, being the natural product of active minds with too little to do), its daily round of the same few short streets, the same familiar faces, the same jokes in the barber shop, the same smiling stupid amiability at the church supper. But it is fair to remember that if you had been born here, almost certainly you would be here yet, making the best of it. Also, that if the rest of us didn't stay here the pickings would soon be very poor in those big Chicago restaurants you are so proud of. Goodbye. Come again.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Creative Type

LANGUAGE grows and stretches. A war mints new words, an invention broadcasts a whole new vocabulary, and there is always the rising—and sometimes the enrichment—from yeasty slang. But there exists a deep unmined wealth of words undreamed of in the philologies of even the very latest dictionary editions.

This source was divulged t us by two animated typewriters, named Errata and Frenzy, for cause. Sturdy little machines, these, but sly. Under the meek guise of obedience they tapped out our Serious Articles, but all the while, with their tongues in their cheeks, they were Living Their Own Lives. And bit by bit they forced our attention upon their potentialities, and upon those of their kind.

Many words have flowed over the keys since two such strong creative instincts have been found as in the slight vessels of these portables. To the new forms of literature, whether to the stutterings of verse or the remorseless dots and dashes of Georgian prose, can now be added vivid novel contortions of words, done from the subconscious, with the sure sharp clarity of type. Take *slient* for example. How much quieter, smoother, and really hushed it is than *silent*. And consider the subtlety of that word *twince,*—double the value of *twinge,* because you see the victim wince from the original twinge. And compare the distress of *toruble* with the paleness of *trouble.*

The added strength that this letterary manipualtion contributes can be seen in the opening passages of The Melodrama of the Burned Document: Fointing to the dutted line the famiky lawyer mubbled, "It must be singed, it must be singed!" "Ounce more do I refuse" snouts pack the herwo. "Foru times have I said No,—foru, foru! On my scared oath my psat is slean. I am no Socialiet, no Sovist ones my sowl!" The Heroin tares her slik hair with gree, that this should be her happy potion. "Thnaks, drery," she clies hystrecially, "thnaks vrey mush!"

Sometimes this rare gift is more subtly displayed by the change of a single word in an episode. In a modern fling of Frenzy's called White Buffaloes, she describes a *Morewegian* woman of sixty dreading old age, standing on the hills at spring-tide, watching science rise with the sun, offering her the *gland* tidings of renewed youth. And conversely the carefully preserved Beau Brummel, proud of his disguise of youth as of his matchless wit is

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shocked and grieved to hear in her flattering tone, "How wonderful is your *conservation!*"

As you have seen, their creative gifts were not without a dash of malice; yet we bore patiently with them, even when Errata spoiled a passionate love scene by setting it in a flagrant evening, and making the hero call the heroine "My previous noe!" instead of the far safer "My precious one!"

Graver still was Frenzy's attack of sedition, for, for a long time she insisted, whatever the subject, on writing it *The Untied States.* Errata aided and abetted her with the *Spureme Court.* And then they got entangled in International Complications. The *Swiss* Frenzy libelled *Swill,* while Errata called the Turk *Truk*!

But our patience broke when, writing staidly on immigration in Vienna, Frenzy got a Freudian streak and tapped it out "the *sexpression* of the government officials in the *Blakans.*" That was too much. Something must be done. She had always written it *Blakans,* and of that vividness we approved. But *Sexpression*—no! That was going too far. She must be removed at once from the shadow of Freud. Yet trying to fathom and satisfy her unfulfilled desire, we bought her a new blue and red ribbon, and took her gliding down into the Balkans on the next Danube steamer. It was not enough. Both she and Errata succeeded at last in conveying to us that what they wanted was to Make their Contribution to the Anglo-American language.

"And what's mroe," they demanded stuvvornly, "we want Slef-Determination, and we wnat to be Rocegnized!"

VIOLA PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL.

Italian, Russian

La Locandiera, by Goldoni. Jolson's Theatre. November 21, 1923.

The Brothers Karamazoff, Scenes from the novel by Dostoievsky. Jolson's Theatre. November 19, 1923.

GOLDONI'S Locandiera began with the Moscow Art Theatre in a scene that was charmingly painted, the table, the walls, the upper gallery, the doors. A charming place but, considering the nature of the play, too loud. The gentlemen began to talk, in very full voices, to swish and move around. The mistress of the inn herself—Olga Pizhova—came in; her face, her carriage, her voice were lively and hard. She laughed, a laugh that was engaging if you like but fairly mirthless and certainly not sunny or sweet. More talk followed, and a good deal of noise, together with much energy. It was clear that the company had set out to give us a lively occasion and that their conception was to turn Goldoni's comedy into a farce or shall we say a hearty, sure-footed harlequinade. The cues were wonderfully taken: the extraordinary ensemble of the Moscow Art Theatre appeared; every crossing on the stage went off in due time; and every individual, pair or group was perfectly disposed of. Much effort in the long training, much thoroughness, were apparent everywhere. There were energy, movement, loud voices, busy limbs, active eyes and animated lips. And yet with it all there was not much joy. Judged by itself the performance was amazingly thorough without being very infectious.

Judged by itself that was. Judged by the quality of the play it was pretty much all wrong. One does not ask a Russian company to give us something that is Italian, any more than one expects from an Italian company a Russian surface to Chekhov. But Goldoni's play has a characteristic quality and point of view, which is there even when the more immediately Italian elements are set aside, as they should be by any foreign company. What the Moscow Art Theatre missed in La Locandiera as a play was about everything that distinguishes it from a lively farce. What they missed about it as a piece of life was about everything that makes it civilized, light, suave, sweet and full of gay dignity. They took a play that comes out of an old civilization, a gracious and cynical tradition of social culture, and made it lively, empty, laborious and a little boorish. They had noise rather than joy, and they translated into mere animal activity what in Goldoni is the flower of good temper and high spirits. Madame Chekhov was infinitely laborious but heavy and ungraceful. Stanislavsky's Ripafratta was a great fellow who had done with women, boorish and heavily laid on. Tamiroff's Fabrizio was not warm, not simple, not lovable. And Mirandolina as mistress of that inn perpetually forced; she acted in spots, with little continuity. As expert acting the players were all good, busy, careful, well trained. As creations they were all slightly harsh and never lovable, gracious or quick-witted.

How different from Goldoni, Papa Goldoni, with his invulnerable cheer, and his sweet delight, his comical decorum and eighteenth century hint of formality! La Locandiera is one of those things in drama that moves in a kind of super life; it takes its people and events and sets them in a smiling air, far up above the necessities of our familiar humdrum lots; it creates a happy flowing logic of living; it shines and struggles and laughs; it bristles with secure, unwounding epigrams; and deals out retributions and fates at last that coax us toward sanity and fair humor. And Ripafratta is a gentleman, however provincial, who descends from an old cynicism and grave art of getting through life. His dislike of women comes out of this, not out of crude manners and impetuosity. And Mirandolina, the mistress of the inn, is a sweet wild creature, impish, untouched, in and out among these pursuing gentlemen like a glancing shrewd light. She has her own logic, her own methods of managing men, but at the same time she has her own busy, kindly life, the pressure of her own simple affairs. And above all she has a dignity on which her charm may rest. Mirandolina is one of those rôles that an actress who is barely passable can play. But at the same time the shining life set forth, the bustle, the charm, the folk poetry and blunt purity in the part commend it also to great artists. Duse used to play it, as everybody knows, and many another actress great and small. To see it so cut down as it is in this Russian performance to activity, technical skill, engaging effort, hard laughing and artful minx, is to see the whole play lost, however lustily it may go roaring on as a rather conventional farce with an old and obvious situation. Twenty years ago I am willing to believe that the Moscow Art Theatre players were closer to Goldoni's comedy. I have

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no doubt that the idea of Goldoni that this company pursued was once more fair and flexible and warm, though it may never have been quite rightly placed. What they give us now in La Locandiera, lacks, at that centre from which the whole performance must radiate, fragrance of idea, comic joy and gravity, and the grace of civilization.

But if the company of the Moscow Art Theatre in Goldoni had proficiency and skill without grace or light, in Dostoievsky they exhibit an understanding, a perfection of ensemble and an inexhaustible study and elaboration of the characters, that must certainly be unequalled in theatres anywhere. It is clear that the dark tenderness and power of this Russian art is true and close to the players. They seem to prosper best when they can undertake the character from its individual centre outwards. They find with infinite thought and suffering and effort the very soul of the man to be portrayed. They worm into him, pity him, carry the glowing life from him into themselves. Their attack on the rôle plainly becomes selfless, becomes absorbed only in the truth of the character, its nervous and spiritual intricacies and its external mannerisms, its sum of life and passion. And when this is done, the several characters are brought together into the play, the proportions of the scenes are found, the ensemble brought to perfection. You will scarcely anywhere in a lifetime see a scene—a very long scene too and very complicated and crowded—brought off so wonderfully as the scene was in the inn where Grushenka and her Polish lover sit drinking, Dmitri comes and the peasants, and finally the officers to arrest Dmitri on the charge of murdering his father. Leonidoff—though plainly a tired actor now—played Dmitri with immense variety and pathos. And though Katchaloff's scene where Ivan imagines himself in the presence of the devil is one of the great things of the Moscow Art Theatre, I thought Alla Tarasova's playing of Grushenka even more extraordinary if that could be possible. What she did was in every scene beautiful and exact and wonderfully graded, one of the three or four great performances in our theatre this season.

If you watch, scene after scene, the progress of The Brothers Karamazoff as the Moscow Art Theatre gives it to us, you will see something that may comment more or less on the failure to understand Goldoni. Each of these Karamazoff scenes and the whole evening of them draws from a terrific and vivid life that is at the core of their matter. They are pitiful, vivid, truthful, violent. They spring out of the mysterious light and shadow of individual souls, happy, tortured, passionate, resigned, crafty, insane, whatever the case may be. All this that we see portrayed has about it sincerity, fervor and a kind of mystical realism and truth. But it lacks order and a social mind; it lacks suavity and rule and idea. It has no outline but only violent points and quivering details. It is at heart essentially barbarous. Not that this is bad necessarily; what you decide about that depends on your conception of life and society. Shakespeare at the heart of him is also unordered and private and barbarous; though the manifestation of his art, his morality and his beauty achieved in general its form and order. But that does not affect the point, which is that with the Russian players Goldoni was missed by a defect of that excellence by which Dostoievsky was perceived. You see the truth of Dostoievsky as when you look out from the darkness and fire of your heart into your dreams. You see Goldoni's truth as you see the light resting on a landscape.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

America's Opportunity

SIR: Major General Henry T. Allen, running true to his fearless form, has accepted the onerous leadership in the cause of common humanity to stay stalking famine as it threatens to destroy the lives of helpless men, women and children in Germany today.

These are as much the victims of a cruel war as were the millions who fell before fighting guns.

The aftermath of peace is a hideous mockery to these innocent sufferers.

The war was *not* brought on by them. The terms of peace were not of their making. The intricate questions of international debts and of national capacity to pay do not enter into their lives. The legality or the illegality of the occupation of their territory is not discussed.

Empty stomachs do not indulge in words. They become articulate through action. All these people know at present is that they are hungry, that their children are dying for want of milk, that the sick and feeble can no longer hope for sustenance, that even the daily rations of black bread and soup are rapidly becoming unattainable, that the conditions of the Near East are now the conditions of the Nearer East. . . .

This is no question of international policy, of further parley or of government politics. It is the emergency of suffering and of actual starvation. America has always been just and eternally generous. No nation has ever turned to us for food that has not been fed. No nation has ever asked us for raiment that has *not* been clothed. Therefore, are we at this crisis to be once again loyal to our great heart or are we to stuff partisanship cotton into our listening ears?

Shall we do nothing while the voices of little children are piteously crying for bread and while the old and feeble are appealing for those crumbs which are falling from our own tables of prosperity? . . . .

In the name of mercy and of God's charity let us help those who need it!

ELISABETH MARBURY.

New York City.

An Economics Essay Contest

SIR: In memory of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, The League for Industrial Democracy is offering to college students two prizes for Economics essays, the first of two hundred dollars, the second of one hundred dollars. Among the topics suggested by the League are: Potential Organizability of Women in American Trade Unions: The Workers' Press: Causes of Fluctuations in Trade Union Membership since 1914; Remedy for the Housing Shortage. Other subjects may be chosen by the contestants subject to the approval of the committee. The contest is open to any undergraduate of an American college or normal school.

The prizes will be awarded by the following committee: Professor William F. Ogburn, Columbia University; Professor Arthur N. Holcombe, Harvard University; Alvin Johnson, New School for Social Research; Frederick Hewitt, editor of the Machinists Monthly Journal; and Nicholas Kelley, lawyer, formerly Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury.

Full details may be obtained from the League for Industrial Democracy, Room 931, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HARRY W. LAIDLER,
Director, League for Industrial Democracy.

New York City.

Have You Information about Emma Lazarus?

SIR: I am very much interested in obtaining information about Emma Lazarus. If there are any who have, or know the whereabouts of, letters of hers, or of her diary; or know anything concerning her life which may prove useful to me, I shall appreciate their communicating with me.

SAMUEL DININ.

38 Herzl Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Our President

President Coolidge: A Contemporary Estimate, by Edward Elwell Whiting. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.50.

"THIS fellow is either a schoolteacher or an undertaker from the country, I don't know which," said a Boston Democrat when Coolidge came to take his seat in the Massachusetts legislature. A similar impression must have been made by Coolidge on a great many people, who find him about as colorful as a slate roof and are still wondering what there was in him of presidential size. Some of them are busy looking into his past for the makings of a great man. But even Mr. Whiting, with all his willingness to find in that past signs of an elevated future, with all his admiration, is forced to the confession that Coolidge was never, in his early years, in any way a remarkable person. And he unguardedly "finds the explanation of Coolidge the man in Coolidge the boy."

The boy was born on the Fourth of July. Only one of several omens. When he was elected Vice-President, he was forty-eight—"one year for each star of the flag." When—and if—he is inaugurated in 1925, he will be the same age that Lincoln was on March 4, 1861. And his mother's name was Victoria Josephine; "both," Mr. Whiting reminds us, "are names of queens."

Apart from these omens nothing appears to have distinguished him. His youth was "marked by the sane frugality characteristic of New England life, but there was no touch of poverty in it." Plymouth, Vermont, where he was born, "contains a church, a store, a small cheese-factory, a district school, and about half a dozen houses." His father, Colonel John Calvin Coolidge, says that "Calvin could get more sap out of a maple tree than any of the other boys around here." He was not fond of games. He made a chiffonier, which is still on the farm at Plymouth. "It was a good job," Mr. Whiting assures us.

When he was two, his father took him to see the State House at Montpelier. In a corner of the State House stood a stuffed catamount. Thirty-six years later he revisited the place, and noticed an empty corner. "They've moved the catamount, haven't they?" Mr. Whiting quotes this speech to show that Coolidge was at least quite normal. Lest worse be thought of him, Mr. Whiting insists that "he was not a freak." This places him in good company. Later Mr. Whiting places him in even better: "There was nothing abnormal in the nature of George Washington or of Abraham Lincoln."

John Calvin Coolidge, Jr., "an example of those who carry far afield with them the silent ways in which they were bred," full, apparently, of "love for the hills" and other marks of environment, went from the district-school to Ludlow, to St. Johnsbury, and finally to Amherst, where his career was "not devoid of the usual incidents connected with undergraduate life," though, "as formerly, he was no athlete. His health and physique were good, but not such as to incline him to physical exercise for its own sake. It may be ventured as a statement of truth that there is nothing in the psychology of athletic sport which is within the comprehension of Calvin Coolidge. . . ."

While at Amherst he dropped the John in front of his name, and "formed one of a group of men who became firm friends because of the similarity of the color of their hair." He graduated cum laude, he won an all-American college prize for his essay on the Principles Underlying the American Revolution, he was fairly well thought of as a speaker. But in general he continued as unremarkable as ever, and a brilliant future was the last thing predicted for him. When the senior class voted on the question as to which one of their number was likely to become famous, the winner, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, was the only man to cast his vote for Coolidge.

Upon graduation, his first step into the world of affairs was not incautious. He moved some half-dozen miles across the river to Northampton, where he read law while earning his living in the office of Hammond and Field. At twenty-five he was admitted to the bar, in which profession he became known, if at all, chiefly for the exercise of a reticence acquired at an early age. Searching into these years, Mr. Whiting does not find "any of those cryptic utterances which sometimes attach themselves to the early records of men who in later life attained eminence, and which are then interpreted as prophetic." At twenty-seven, when his reputation for "caution, carefulness, thoroughness—and silence" was well established, he was elected to the Northampton City Council. This dip into politics was the beginning of a steady swim toward the promised shores. Twenty years later he was Governor.

Then an extraordinary stroke of luck in the shape of the Boston police strike came to crown a career of diligent, inconspicuous shrewdness. When the strike was broken, and order had been restored, Governor Coolidge took the helm, and won his way to the nation's imagination by a notable display of ex post facto courage. Though Mr. Whiting devotes a whole chapter to the incident, he does not tell us what really happened.

Nor is he particularly revealing in his account of the long silent march toward the White House, from the time he was toasted, "in cold water," as the "future governor of Massachusetts" to that point in the 1920 convention when the only vote outside of his own state was that of the delegate from Alaska. If we could pierce the veil that hangs over the slow, sure ascent to the governorship, that unlit period during which his "understanding of humorous things remained under perfect control," when a letter of introduction assured the speaker of the Legislature that "like the singed cat, he is better than he looks," we might be able to expand Judge Field's characterization of this "most inscrutable little devil." His career invites further knowledge—a career of short, careful steps, always successful; of little rises followed by consolidation. From Plymouth to Ludlow, Ludlow to Amherst, Amherst to Northampton, and then eastward across the state via City Councillor, Clerk of Courts, legislator, Mayor, State Senator, President of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor. A career of ambition strongly tempered by a sense of self-preservation.

This steady, plant-like growth betokens a man of endurance rather than vitality, and suggests, not so much the pulse of human life as the slow and constant and cautious flow of sap. And he is almost botanically silent. At times, to be sure, Calvin Coolidge has uttered oracular, semi-epigrammatic platitudes, terse and emptily precise. But for the most part he has been silent. Because, in the opinion of people who have talked to him, he really has nothing to say.

He has been so from the beginning. Yet he has learned to say just enough at the right time to make him President.

When he first met Mrs. Coolidge, she was teaching in a school for deaf-mutes.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Military Art in England in 1915

The World Crisis, 1915, by Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50.

ON the authority of Vergil we know that men rejoice to renew in memory their past griefs. England, therefore, should have a sombre satisfaction in reading Mr. Churchill's second volume on the events of 1915, the year of gloom. This was the year of unsuccessful assaults on the western front, of the "collapse" of Russia, of the munitions "shortage," of the Dardanelles "tragedy," of the resignation and retirement of England's most fertile and active mind, Lord Fisher, of the subsidence of the struggle into a "war of exhaustion" through slaughter or starvation. After 1915 it was just kill and counter-kill, man for man and nation for nation, until the inpouring of the Americans in 1918 and Foch's counter-stroke at Soissons and the rolling-up of the Teutonic line from the flank in Serbia. Could the war have been shortened by anything done or devised in 1915? Mr. Churchill says it could. But it is of any use to go back over it all?

There are plenty of people who reasonably say that the game of "ifs" and "ans" has no attraction for them. "If" Kitchener had not always found troops for the Dardanelles a few weeks too late or "if" General Stopford had pushed his troops on from the Gallipoli beaches at the moment of crisis in the August attack instead of giving them a day's rest, the course of the war might have been different. True, but "if" the Germans had gone straight for the Channel ports instead of wheeling towards central France or "if" they had developed the U-boat vigorously from the start, who knows then what would have happened to Old England? But this, though it may be true, is no reason to Mr. Churchill why he should not write his book. He has been, and is, the scapegoat for many people's sins. The shame of the Dardanelles failure is still, by many, laid at his door. It is as inevitable as it is just that he should state his case, and it is equally inevitable that when Mr. Churchill's hat is in the ring, some one should suffer. Criticism, however, so far as it affects persons is more piquant than important. A nation is not saved by its output of scapegoats. When Candide saw Admiral Byng being shot "for not having got sufficiently close to the French Admiral," he inquired whether Byng had not got as close to the French Admiral as the Admiral to him. But under the personalities lies a world of matter for inquiry and speculation. When Mr. Churchill describes the reactions to war problems of the soldiers and the admirals, of G. H. Q. and the Admiralty, of the politicians and the parties, it is worth listening because this exhibits the precise functioning in time of war of the system of government which England had provided for herself eighty years after the great Reform bill and nearly fifty years after free education began. It is like one of those films in which "movie" actors are shown watching their own work cast on the screen. The English were set in their millions to do war work, to fight and, many of them, to die, and here they may sit in the stalls, those of them that are alive, and see how, according to Mr. Churchill, they were made to do it.

They ought to spend sleepless nights over Mr. Churchill, if he is right and if they listen to him. Already Lord Jellicoe had sadly disturbed our equanimity. John Bull is accustomed to think of his War Office as a slow and conservative department. It is a subject for national jesting of a rather more dignified order than the mother-in-law, the lodger and the name Wigan. But no one would have dared to suggest that the Admiralty and all its ways were anything less than the last word in efficiency. After the war was over Lord Jellicoe observed that the German naval matériel was in many ways superior to our own and that this was a prime reason why he could not fight a night action after the Jutland battle. Now enters Mr. Churchill with a devastating criticism on our military gentlemen in 1915.

To begin with the end, this is his statement of the position after the withdrawal from the Dardanelles:—"Good, plain, straightforward frontal attacks by valiant flesh and blood against wire and machine guns, 'killing Germans' while Germans killed Allies twice as often, calling out the men of forty, of fifty and even of fifty-five, and the youths of eighteen, sending the wounded soldiers back three or four times over into the shambles—such were the sole manifestations now reserved for the military art." That was at the end of the year, but at the beginning of the year what had "the military art" to say? The trench-lines had settled down then from sea to sea. The attacks on the Aisne front and the first battle of Ypres had shown what was likely to be the character and the fate of frontal attacks: prolonged bombardments, which eliminated all possibility of surprise, were to be followed by desperate infantry attacks, small tactical gains, enormous casualties and renewed stagnation. Under these circumstances it was the supreme duty of the military men to exhaust every possibility, to make every experiment, which would restore to them that element of surprise which is the mother and father of victory. In tactics, in strategy, in mechanical equipment it is the sudden and unexpected stroke which makes the superior mind. It may be a Wooden Horse or a spiked bridge like those with which the un-naval Roman turned a sea-fight into a land-battle, or it may be a tank. It may be a sudden march like that by which the Roman Consul overwhelmed Hasdrubal at the Metaurus, or a sudden onslaught like that of the Germans at Ypres with their poison-gas, or it may be a thrust at a distant and weak point of an extended front, as at the Dardanelles. But something containing the element of ruse, of speed, of the unexpected, it must be, and at the beginning of 1915 it was the duty of the military men, at home and in the field, to discover this element in which lay the seeds of a relatively early and cheap victory.

Mr. Churchill affirms that the efforts of the group whom he led and inspired—though he was chief of the Admiralty and not strictly concerned with land warfare—to devise engines which would cross the trenches, destroy the enemy's wire and open up a way for the infantry, received little or no support from the military men at the end of 1914, and the beginning of 1915. Experiments with the caterpillar tractor he calls "an obvious measure of prudence;" experiments in the making of shields "another obvious experiment." But he had to press on with such experiments himself and himself to authorize the expenditure, which he had no real authority to do. The War Office turned down the idea of the tanks because they were too weighty and too vulnerable and could not pass certain tests (which Mr. Churchill says they never could pass right up to the end of the war). "If the experiment did not answer" pleads the First Lord of the Admiralty—pushful, presumptuous man!—"what harm would be done?" Of the manufac-

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ture of shields to prevent soldiers from being shot through the body: "What does it matter which is the best pattern?", The date of these two sentences is January 5, 1915. But the military men were always for the "best pattern." When objection was made that, under the terrible pressure of the war, we could not afford to be so particular as in the piping days of peace, "the War Office rejoined that they could not put inferior weapons in the hands of the troops, and soldiers alone could be the judges of the quality, character and quantity of the weapons and equipment of the army. They declared they could not take the responsibility of allowing these vital matters to pass out of the domain of the professional soldiers into the hands of civilians, politicians or business men, however well-meaning and enthusiastic." It is probably true to say that, except in the domain of military tactics, civilians advised by professional soldiers would have made a much better job of the war—certainly in 1915—than the professional soldiers advised by the civilians.

The tanks being made at last, to what use were they put? Mr. Churchill drew up a report at G. H. Q. in France and presented it first to Sir John French and then to Sir Douglas Haig. It is dated December 3, 1915. In this he pointed out that "about seventy tanks are now nearing completion in England" and "none should be used until all can be used at once." A sufficiently obvious suggestion, it will be said? Who would think of dissipating the novelty, surprise and terror of the massed attack by tanks? Yes, but that is precisely what was done. The military men, who from the first, did not believe in the tanks, fed them piecemeal into the battle of the Somme in 1916 and Passchendaele in the spring of 1917, so that the soldiers who accompanied tanks felt themselves marked men and hated them in consequence. Only at Cambrai, late in 1917, was the tank used as it should have been and as Mr. Churchill had urged on December 3, 1915, two long years before.

The indictment of the military men is the really disturbing part of Mr. Churchill's "case." There are other things that are disquieting but, under the circumstances, were almost unescapable. That the Admirals and the Admiralty were never for long in agreement on the question of forcing the Dardanelles by naval bombardment; that naval opinion was content with a defensive policy that gradually sucked the life-blood out of Germany; that Kitchener insisted on bearing the military burden at home and was not competent to the task; that the Cabinet and the War Council proved to be an awkward and inefficient instrument for the conduct of war; that domestic and party politics intervened sometimes with a fatal effect on the efficient and ruthless prosecution of hostilities; that dug-out generals could not perform the tasks to which they were set—these are weaknesses natural to an unmilitary people plunged suddenly into a war which it had never contemplated.

But "the soldiers" and their faults—that is another matter. They would hear of no diversion from the western front. There must be no "making a flank" to strike at—no way *round*. Very good, then; it was their business to find some way *through*. Mr. Churchill explains what they did and did not do.

In another war, shall we be any better off? The military authorities in England are drawn from a limited social class. They are not the best brains of the country, though they may throw up a genius from time to time. They are conservative in their outlook and war demands the lively and innovating mind. For the conduct of a great war we need the best brains of the country. We have never had them and we shall never get them, for the best brains will not go into the army. The prize which the army offers to the average officer is not money nor power but simply social position. It will be one of the last strongholds of snobbery. Therefore intellect does not and will not go into the army. On the contrary, with the impoverishment and breakup of the landed class and the reduction in size and prestige of the permanent army, the brains feeding it are likely to be even more mediocre than they ever were before. Perhaps in time we may even approximate to the contempt felt for the profession of arms by that most highly civilized of peoples, the Chinese. Under the circumstances it seems even more advisable than before that we should "boost" the League of Nations and avoid war like the plague.

W. P. Crozier.

Shadow Boxing

Antic Hay, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE most entertaining book I ever knew was a three-pounder called The Popular Handbook of Curious Information, Familiar Allusions and 10,000 Foreign Words and Phrases which, read through story-wise, bore me through a siege of convalescence and conferred a most discursive and elegant education. Antic Hay comes close to matching the charm of that volume, perhaps because it might be its very novelization. It has the literary delights of the intelligence questionnaire, characters who don't talk in conversations but in charades, with satire japing sophistication as well as the more obvious targets, engaging naughtiness narrated for its own sake, rising and falling in broad comedy and in episodes deliciously strange and tender. Out of a storage-house of second-hand conventions, tri-lingual expressions, and classical allusions inserted much as in the book I first mention, evolves something which is new; which makes it humor on its own terms; which uses devices, but not stale ones; allusions but not clichés; allying erudition and craftsmanship with a philosophy usually contrasted with those moral virtues, much as Anatole France sometimes shocks the church-going by his superior familiarity with the lives of the saints and the fathers.

High school English classes studying the art of writing won't learn very much from Antic Hay. It might be one of those facile essays of On The Margin which stretched the word-limit of a middle article and expanded in three or four directions until it filled a book. A writer finds himself much like a gardener tending a rose-bush. To grow a perfect flower he must trim off the buds and shoots that draw life from the stalk, prune away ideas which, though fresh and lovely, are taking the growth away from the master rose. For a book like Ethan Frome or My Antonia there must have been sacrificed a hundred ideas, variations and footnotes which budded while the main branch grew. Huxley, however, is so interested in watching the profusion of his flowers that having them—ramblers and tea roses, red, white and (for experiment) orange or blue—growing on the same bush only amuses him and doesn't disturb.

There isn't much "plot." Theodore Gumbril, resign-

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ing his ushership in a reaction of futility, proceeds with his "grazing on the lawns" and "with goat-feet dances the antic hay." He invents a pair of pneumatic trousers for sedentary workers, who may inflate the seat through a hidden tube. He discusses religion with himself, architecture with his father, art, life and inebriety with a variety of contemporaries. There is Lypiatt, whose face and body are those of the great creative genius and who tries in vain to live up to them; Mrs. Viveash, a coquette faced with growing old; Shearwater, the physiologue, deep in scientific contemplation of the kidneys; Mr. Mercaptan, who writes middles for the weeklies and owns a Crébillon-sofa; Bojanus, the tailor; the assistant in the art gallery, keeping a note-book of phrases and countersigns to use in describing pictures; Coleman; Rosie; Emily. Created at first for allegorical purposes of satire, become the ideas embodied in genuine flesh and blood, and that flesh encased in contemporary trousers (or pink underclothing!) they live as actors on a stage which, if not accurately realistic, is at least theatrically familiar.

Gumbril buys a false beard, because it is a talisman for confidence and because the cries of "Beaver!" it raises offer a brilliant opening for conversation with pretty girls otherwise inaccessible. It startlingly alters the proportions of his face:

> The podium, below the mouth, had been insufficiently massive to carry the stately order of the nose, and the ratiocinative attic of the forehead, noble enough, no doubt, in itself, had been disproportionately high. The beard now supplied the deficiencies in the stylobate, and planted now on a firm basement of will, the order of the senses, the aerial attic of ideas reared themselves with a more classical harmoniousness of proportion.

With this splendid equipment he sallies forth. Successful in his first venture with anonymous prey, he finds it is Shearwater's wife who has yielded to the lure of the Complete Man—"the sheep in beaver's clothing." A situation suavely worked out. Emily follows, in chapters different in tone and content, where the real strength of Huxley's prose exhibits itself. After a Mozart concert, Gumbril, now unbeavered, finds himself in the rarest and tenderest of moods.

> For them there were no more minutes. But time passed, time passed flowing in a dark stream, stanchlessly, as though from some profound mysterious wound in the world's side, bleeding, bleeding forever.

But Emily, four years married, leaves the book still virginal, untaken although won. For diversion, Huxley contrives to circulate his women in this small company like bright pennies among school-boys. Mrs. Viveash is successfully loved by Gumbril, Lypiatt, and Shearwater. Rosie, successively by Shearwater, Gumbril, Mr. Mercaptan, and Coleman, the originator of the beaver stratagem, but whose beard—and Cossack nastiness—isn't, like Gumbril's, attached with spirit-gum. For no reason at all we have a morality, a Christmas mummery (revised version) like an O'Neill play in twelve pages, inserted near the end, an end which is not a finality, and, though untheatrical, is adroit rather than inevitable.

Longer than Crome Yellow, but made of the same material Antic Hay doesn't carry Huxley along a new road of departure. He continues to be willing, along with other possessors of classical educations, non-utilitarian Latin, and bright notions, to turn them into profitable Georgian literature.

KURT DANIELS.

Pragmatic Sentiments

Nature and Human Nature. Essays Metaphysical and Historical, by Hartley Burr Alexander. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $3.00.

IS philosophy a modern science or an ancient language? The reading public has heard a great deal in the last two decades of the reconstruction of metaphysics and of the young-philosopher movement. Yet most undergraduates still know philosophy as a learned tongue into which the neophyte is inducted by long and tedious studies in a weirdly polysyllabic vocabulary. This is not a "double aspect phenomenon;" it is a real cleavage in the ranks, a struggle between the right wing and the left.

In this struggle Hartley Burr Alexander is not a protagonist. His work is not polemical. Nevertheless it is a significant manifestation of the revolt from transcendentalism, and will illuminate it for the thoughtful reader. For his affiliations are unmistakably with the left wing, and the character of his writing is determined by the nature of left wing strategy. And that is nothing more nor less than a clean break with the established philosophical tradition, which is said still to dominate eighty percent of the teaching and writing even in America.

The major strategists, James and Dewey, break with established transcendentalism in their initial axioms. Whereas transcendentalism commences with a universe of spirit known only inwardly, they begin with man struggling with the elements for a foot-hold on this earth. In short, these pioneers actually accept The Origin of Species, and work out its implications for philosophy—first in psychology, and then in logic, and even metaphysics. Alexander's philosophy, as disclosed in this collection of scattered articles, is essentially that of James and Dewey. The infrequent passages which commit their author to a definite theoretical position are written in good Pragmatese. "Man's humanness rests its case on the fact of human mind. What is above all peculiar to that mind is its foresight: its faculty of abstracting the fixed and constant elements from the general evanescence of experience, and by service of such abstractions, its power to predict the future. Prediction, foresight, enables preparation, preparation makes possible the realization of ideals."

But Alexander's heart is not in theory. Even his presidential address to the American Philosophical Association contains little note-book fodder. From this point of view, indeed, it is a most extraordinary document: its one item of theory is that Christian doctrine centres in a dualism! This is not a criticism. Alexander's is not bad theory. He has no theory. In these essays warmth of human feeling and richness of literary expression are intentionally put ahead of analysis and research. The author is far more preoccupied with feeling the poignancy of the problems to which the flesh is heir and with conveying his feeling movingly to the sympathetic listener than he is with solving the problems. Six of the papers are said to constitute a doctrine of human nature, or something of the sort. They do not. Here, as elsewhere, the burden of the song is spiritual autobiography.

A performance such as this is necessarily vulnerable to an extreme degree. It almost invariably connotes sentimentality and a certain lushness of emotional expression that becomes burlesque at the slightest scrape of a hostile boot. And Alexander does not invalidate the rule. He exhorts and yearns and holds his finest feelings up for

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general examination. His periods, his authorized-version vocabulary, his yeas and nays, his curiosity shop of dusty quotations produce the inevitable effect of self-consciousness. Undeniably the author seems to preen himself on quoting Gnothi seauton in Greek. But somehow, through all the glut of archaic phrase and dispensible quotation, Alexander does register the deep sincerity of his beliefs. The reader is convinced, almost against his judgment, of the importance of beauty and truth, pain and progress, religion, art and faith.

Perhaps the reader is convinced in spite of eloquence by the cause for which it is invoked. Disgust with scholasticism is a natural emotion. Were Alexander to vibrate over the Absolute as he does over the plight to which it has brought philosophy he would be a ridiculous mummer. Who can sincerely thrill over a formalized abstraction? But when he says: "The mission of philosophy as the wisdom of the highest things, yea, as the handmaiden of theology, has been disowned, even with the quiet Cartesian gesture of conformity, and we have passed on to quibbles about knowledge, to creeds of experience based upon the shallows of experience, to critiques that touch the pulse of no spiritual need, and to antinomies of disembodied reason which die away into the vanities of logistic . . . O René Descartes, clear-eyed and clean-souled, true in devotion to truth, wouldst thou have had courage so to disown the past hadst thou seen unto what mouthings and mummings and shadow-plays thou wert parting the way? For philosophy is become an histrion's art, whereto the curtains rise amid indifference and fall unto darkness." I find it easy to believe that the subject of this emotion is not imaginary.

And after all, his classics are impeccable, and that is something! For a culture is judged by its cooks; a movement by its manners. William James once remarked that even a "materialist" would have no difficulty in keeping his place at Harvard College provided he was well-bred! No doubt this was his receipt, just as Dewey is said to "get by" on his mastery of Hegelian dialectic. As one intrepid critic says, he has "compelled attention from philosophers who, like other professionals, find it hard to admit the existence of good music where there is no obvious virtuosity." Alexander has found another way to take the curse off philosophical revolt. Hymns are hymns, even when they fan the flames!

C. E. Ayres.

Sabotage in the Publishing House

The Philosophy of Civilization, by R. H. Towner. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

ONE hardly dares to put the thesis of this book in cold print: it looks too much like a pedantic hoax. It sets out with the assumption that a considerable proportion of women are sexually cold, not by circumstance but by congenital make-up. The next step is the dogmatic assertion that it is the cold women who bear the children of the ability required for administering and promoting civilization. Assume now, with the author, that sexual coldness produces a natural aversion to mating and maternity, and you will agree that the life of civilization depends on the existence of institutions that compel women to become mothers whether they will or not. Rape is the most effective institution of the kind, and the author devotes much space to what he considers to be virtually the records of laboratory experiments in forced mating, the wiving of the remnant of the tribe of Benjamin and the rape of the Sabine women. Out of the one, after three hundred years, came Saul, head and shoulders above his fellows; out of the other came imperial Rome. It does not bother the author that both of these "historical incidents" bear internal evidence of their real character as popular myths. Nor does it bother him, when he sets out to account for the trifling character of the Asiatic Greeks by the alleged loose morals of the Lydians, that the Lydians were less Greek than the Prussians are French.

Nothing bothers him. He retells the history of mankind in the blind faith that it all has a bearing, and arrives at the most sombre conclusions: that the emancipation of women will ruin the race; that movements for the limitation of private property are of the Devil; that prohibition is a huge mistake, since it saves the passionate types from extirpation by drink.

How was it possible to foist so absurd a piece of work upon so respectable a publishing house as Putnam's? The only reasonable hypothesis is sabotage. Some unscrupulous wag of a manuscript reader wagered a hat, I surmise, that he could put over on Putnam's any book, no matter how worthless, if it stood staunchly for private property and the subjection of women and put sexual coldness back in its place as the foundation of all virtues. He did it.

A. J.

The Iowan Scene

The Hawkeye, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

HERBERT QUICK has shouldered the task of writing a trilogy—one undertaken so rarely by any American novelist that it excites an initial respect which is without any necessary relation to the quality of the performance. In Vandemark's Folly he told the story of the first pioneers who entered Iowa, during the decades before the Civil War. The Hawkeye, which comes next, gives a portrait of the twenty-five years from about 1870; and the third volume, it is at least natural to suppose, will deal with Iowa in the twentieth century.

Here is an ambitious and admirable plan, executed by a writer of mature intelligence, long apprenticeship, and a great love for the country and the people he portrays. He has, moreover, an excellent narrative gift and a good sense of characterization. One would like, with all this, to fling one's hat in the air and announce that The Hawkeye and its predecessor are great novels. Unfortunately, this is not quite possible. Mr. Quick has done brilliant and notable work, he means to Iowa quite as much as Mr. Lewis does to Minnesota, or Mr. Howe to Kansas, or Miss Cather to Nebraska. But Vandemark's Folly and The Hawkeye are greater in conception, in historic interest and novelty of material than they are as art, if by that word you imply something which cannot be achieved by taking thought, something which flowers out of the personality of the creator with an independence and vitality greater than, and apart from himself.

During the thirty years after the Civil War, to which The Hawkeye is devoted, the West had growing pains. Its communities were new and raw, and their civil government suffered from the irresponsibility and corruption which seem to be the natural accompaniments of a state of

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THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE

OR

History of a Proletarian Family Across the Ages

By EUGENE SUE

When the name of EUGENE SUE is mentioned one thinks at once of THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS and THE WANDERING JEW. Upon further reflection one recalls that he wrote other romances, notably a series entitled THE SEVEN CARDINAL SINS. The average Sue reader concludes that that is all that Eugene Sue ever wrote—or at any rate, that that is all that was ever translated of his works. The conclusion is erroneous. Sue wrote a work which in importance, in grandeur, in brilliancy far exceeds any of the aforementioned. That work, effectively if not formally suppressed, is entitled

The Mysteries of the People

That work has been translated into English from the original French by the eminent scholar, the late Daniel De Leon. THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE is unquestionably Sue's masterpiece. Into that work he poured his passion for freedom and democracy; on that work he lavished his scholarship, his learning, the result of his historical researches. For THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE is not merely a work of fiction, though fiction it is, fiction sublimated. It is fiction and history so blended as to produce a work truly unique in the annals of literature.

The purpose of Sue is to trace the struggle of mankind from slavery and oppression to freedom and democracy. To that end he pictures the history of two families: the family of Joel, representing the downtrodden and oppressed, and the family of Neroweg, representing the ruling, the autocratic classes. In a wonderful panorama, with glowing colors and a tremendous sweep, Sue depicts the agelong struggle between oppressor and oppressed, between social rights and social wrongs. And with the marshalling of much historical data, with the passion of the Prophets, he makes clear to the reader that while at any given time autocracy and social wrongs may prevail, in the long run it is democracy, the spirit of freedom, that survives, while autocracy and oppression, the spirit of slavery and darkness, go down to ignominious defeat.

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What they think of SUE'S Mysteries of the People

I have found the books most interesting because o fthe help they give me in picturing to myself what went on in other days. . . . If one is interested in history, I think they would have value to him.—*Prof. Ernest C. Moore* of Harvard University, Division of Education (formerly of Yale University).

I think that your group would make no mistake in possessing yourselves of the historic novels of Eugene Sue. I believe that you would find them surprisingly modern, and, indeed, considerably futuristic as well. For we have not yet caught up with his vision. . . .—*Rev. Charles Fleischer,* leader of "The Sunday Commons," Boston, Mass.

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society where every one is growing rich, or thinks he is on the eve of it. Fremont McConkey, Mr. Quick's hero, begins in what is coming to be recognized as the middle western formula, as a boy whose sensitive and bookish intelligence makes him an alien figure among the hustling sons and daughters of the pioneers. The story of his childhood in the sixties seems to me much the best part of the book, recapturing the epic spirit of the rape of the prairie which was so great a part of the charm of Vandemark's Folly. As he grows up, you expect him to go East and become novelist, but instead he is snared by the net of local politics, and presently becomes an innocent accomplice—innocent because his generous and simple nature does not permit him to suspect the purposes of those about him—in a series of acts of bribery and petty graft.

He is saved, of course; becomes the successful editor of the local newspaper; and turns out to be a county celebrity because of his courage in standing up to a mob intent on a lynching. He also marries the right girl—two of her, in fact, in David Copperfield fashion. His two happen to be sisters, and the second one is for a time "wedded but no wife," assuming the rôle supposedly in order to care for the babies of her dead sister—though every one but the dunder-headed hero realizes that she has loved him from the beginning.

The women are much less like lay figures than was the heroine of Vandemark's Folly; and The Hawkeye deserves a popular success on its merits as a rattling good story, among those who care nothing for the history of the Middle West a generation ago. For those who are interested in this most characteristic phase of American life there is a vivid portrait of the community and its individuals, including a careful study of a sort of Juke-family band of outlaws who terrorize the countryside for more than a generation. With the reservation already noted, one must welcome Mr. Quick's book as something in which to rejoice wholeheartedly, both for its own sake and because of the promise it holds of a revived interest among our novelists in the roots of our national character.

B. B.

The Index for Volume XXXVI, which was completed with our issue No. 468, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to The New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

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ARTHUR FISHER for the past five months has been travelling in many parts of Europe. He spent about a month in Germany and visited the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

VIOLA PARADISE and HELEN CAMPBELL have written articles for Harper's, Scribner's, the Atlantic and other magazines.

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